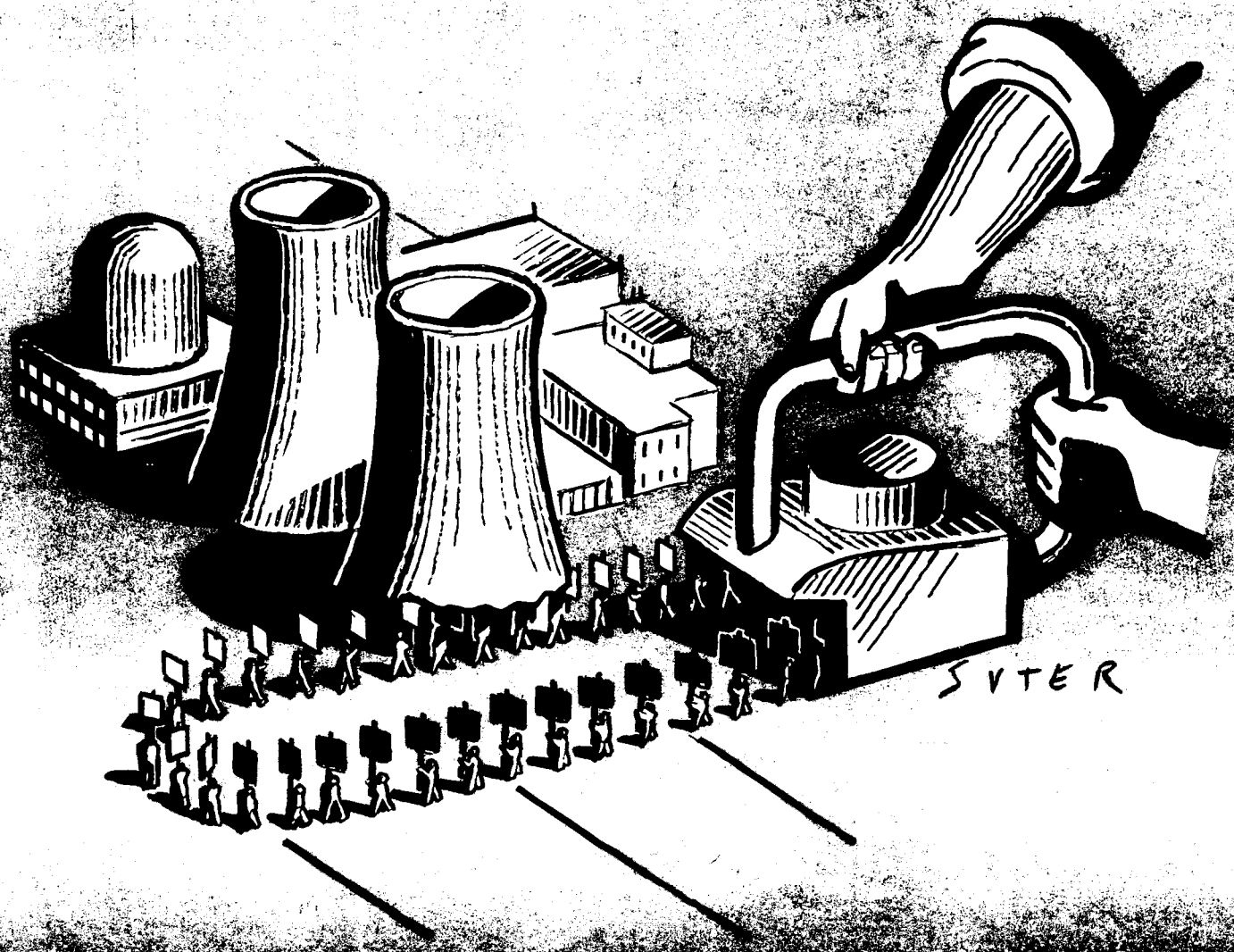
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Springsteen's Big Boppers • *Jarvelski's Big Mouth*

Benjamin J. Stein: Sex Wars

Franz M. Oppenheimer: Germany's Guilt



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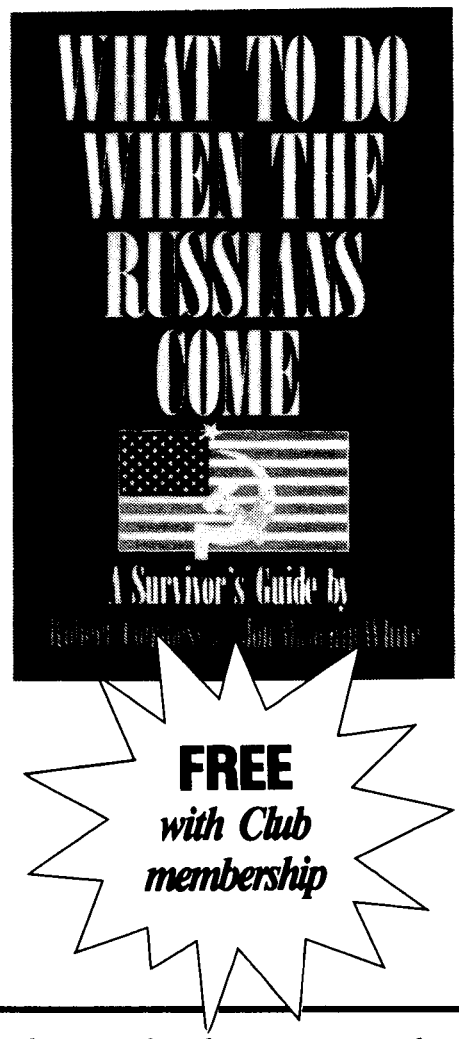

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The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.

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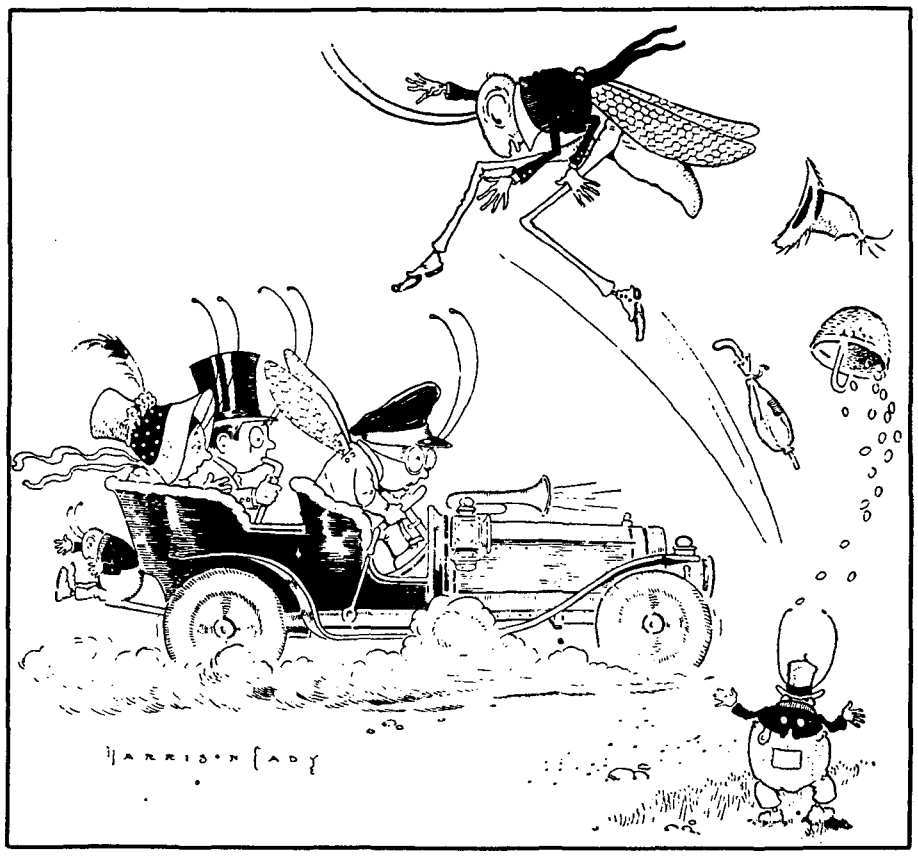
THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•September 1985 proved to be the month that Prof. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. and the faithful have been waiting for since that black day in 1949 when Mr. William F. Buckley, Jr. was elected chairman of the *Yale Daily News*. Through the years Arthur has warned us that the editor of *National Review* has no heart. As with so many of Arthur's beliefs this one wobbled along without any scientific foundation whatsoever, until September 13 when chest pains and betchuana tummy caused Mr. Buckley to be rushed to the coronary care unit of Detroit's Harper Hospital. Extensive tests followed; and, lo, Arthur has been vindicated. Even heart specialists could find nothing. The heartless Mr. Buckley was released the following day.

•September brought still more evidence of British intelligence's infiltration of American media. It has now been two months since this column presented documented charges that left-wing journalists Mr. Christopher Hitchens and his fellow Englishman, the luxury-loving Mr. Alexander Cockburn, are covert agents of British intelligence, yet not one major American news organization has commented publicly—a conspiracy of silence that Hitchens & Cockburn Ltd. would be quick to pounce upon were it enshrouding one of their pet theories of right-wing skulduggery. Appalling manners and canine eccentricities restrict Hitchens & Cockburn usually to the swales of the far left, but Perfidious Albion has suaver agents at work nearer the American mainstream, for instance British-born Mr. Harold Evans and his wife, the confusingly named Miss Tina Brown.

•Mr. Evans, now Editorial Director of *U.S. News & World Report*, came to these shores to defame the redoubtable Mr. Rupert Murdoch, and he is probably the major source of all the calumnies directed against Mr. Murdoch, who, incidentally, became a U.S. citizen in September. Miss Brown is the one-legged editor of *Vanity Fair* who lost her leg during a mysterious lawn-mower accident when she was stationed in London at the repellent *Tattler*. Today she will tell you that her misfortune is the consequence of a Cuisinart mishap suffered while she was trying to improve her cooking skills in preparation for her present job at *Vanity Fair*, but those who have dined at her table and survived say that her cuisine is intolerable and occasionally dangerous. At any rate, *Vanity Fair*, a glossy package aimed at upper-income homosexuals, was activated by MI-5 in September to malign patriotic Americans, and its first assault was not surprisingly upon the idealistic editor of *The American Spectator*, whom *Vanity Fair* portrayed as a wearer of English suits, an associate of the English journalist, Peregrine Worsthorne, and—most improbable of all—a Crown Prince! Moreover, he is practically the only non-homosexual ever featured in *Vanity Fair*'s pages. But this was not enough. By mid-September he had been asked to journey to the Oxford Union to debate the Rev. Jesse Jackson, the proposition being "This House Has Had Enough of Conservatism." Is the man to have no respite?

•Public school bells rang throughout the Republic, once again inciting the violence that Americans have come to associate with public education. Racial incidents are no longer a problem, as millions of families have fled from districts afflicted by forced integration. Instead there were the usual rancorous strikes by inflamed teachers, and in some parts of the country an entirely new cause for confrontation appeared: AIDS. Only Liberals of the New Age could create such a pother. Acting with typical mindlessness, they avoided the reality that children go to school to be educated, that sick children ought not to be in school at all, and finally that AIDS patients are doomed, carry a terminal disease, and are nearly defenseless against infection. Squiffed on their mysteries, the New Age Liberals presented concerned parents as bigoted ignoramuses to be thwarted at every turn. Yet why? What vast power was insisting that a handful of very sick children be sent to school? Truly the New Age Liberal is an odd fish, and do not be surprised if some day he has us all referring to AIDS as Rock Hudson's disease even as we refer to Amyothrophic Lateral Sclerosis as Lou Gehrig's disease. Though in England the sobriquet will probably be different. London's *News of the World* has reported that Lord Avon, son of the late Prime Minister Anthony Eden and a former aide to Queen Elizabeth, died of AIDS on August 17.



•South Africa was again the scene of protests, along with Harrisonburg, Virginia, where militant vegetarians have been demonstrating against the Rocco Enterprises slaughterhouse. Washington, D.C.'s Farm Animal Reform Movement is behind the demonstration and it is their position that a slaughtered mammal suffers more horribly than the contents of a tossed salad, ripped from the earth and heaved about only to be drenched in oils and vinegar and thrust in a dark place. The East German army has barred its soldiers from wearing earrings and "gaudily-dyed" hair, and back home 635-pound Mr. Ira Shprintzen has filed a complaint with the California State Division of Human Rights against the Jack LaLanne Health Spa, which canceled his life membership when other clients complained that his obesity dampened their ardor for vigorous physical exercise.

•In Oakland, California, the head of the local teachers' union was ordered to stand trial for attempting a lewd act in a public comfort station, despite the defendant's plea that he would not be able to get a fair trial owing to the fact that the bathroom's toilet stalls had been remodeled to accommodate wheelchairs and now the jury will not be able to observe the original facilities as used by the defendant, Mr. Roger A. Gooden, in his hour of need. Dogmeat has been banned from the menus and marketplaces of South Korea in deference to visiting delegates from the International Monetary Fund. In Los Angeles, California, 23-month-old Miss Delhia Arias allegedly in cahoots with her parents became the youngest Californian ever to be accused of a felony after she was observed purloining the money folder of a Brinks' guard. The mayor of the People's Republic of Berkeley made a five-day visit to Nicaragua to find out, as he put it, "what we can send in the way of technical assistance," and Mr. Pol Pot announced his retirement. No one knows for sure his retirement plans, but he could doubtless launch a creditable political career in downtown Berkeley.

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The Hon. George McGovern gave indications that he may be moving toward the political middle when he addressed members of the Communist Party of Italy in convention assembled at Ferrara, Italy. The 1972 Democratic Presidential candidate loaded up on garlic bread and *vino rosso* and explained that the experience was like hugging any other group of political opponents; he alluded to Republicans. The Hon. Ed Herschler, governor of the great state of Wyoming, filed for bankruptcy listing $9 million in debts as against assets of $25,733, including a $1,000-watch, two rings, golf clubs, two fishing rods, a Winchester shotgun, four rifles, a pellet gun, two cowboy-style hats, and $2,000 in "personal memorabilia and miscellaneous." Terror again stole upon American Progressives when President Ronald Reagan, whose approval-rating with voters hit a prodigious 65 percent in September, notified a group of state legislators that he favored changing the Constitution to allow Presidents to serve more than two terms.

•In sports Mr. Pete Rose proved that one can live on a diet of cola and potato chips and still become a commendable performer on the field when he surpassed the late Mr. Ty Cobb's record for hits, baseball hits that is. September brought evidence that cocaine hits are also highly prized by major league baseball players. Miss Carolyn Pike of Annapolis, Maryland, suffered serious injury when the bed she was racing in at a local charity fundraising event crashed into a retainer wall. In Oakland, California, Miss Shirley Smith is suing a local kennel for $1 million for allegedly selling her a "sexist" dog. "We found the dog *doesn't like* women," explained Miss Smith's lawyer. And in Bristol, England Mrs. Betty Clark, deceased, has seen to it that her nine-year-old granddaughter will think twice before eating ice cream. The opsomaniacal little girl reached into the family freezer for some of the delicious stuff and there she found grandma, frozen solid. Mrs. Clark had a history of depression.

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Campesino Chic

I read with great interest Joan Frawley's article, "Pilgrims from the Heartland," in your August 1985 issue. Was some copy dropped in the last full paragraph of the first column on page 25? There, one of the visiting pastors wonders if Sara Nelson-Pallmeyer is translating correctly the words of a representative from the Permanent Human Rights Commission. "Sara's obvious bias chafes against his sense of fair play," the paragraph continues, "and the rumor about her devious translating spreads." What rumor? What devious translating? Nelson-Pallmeyer's enthusiasm for the Sandinista revolution has been established; but here, in less than one paragraph, in the matter of a few words, the author (or copy editor or editor) has leapt from one pastor wondering, to "*the* rumor" (not "a rumor"), to "devious translating" stated as a fact. Was this sloppy writing, or very careful editing?

In her third paragraph, Joan Frawley admits that her group "chose" a trip with "limited exposure to Third World elements." Later (page 26) she waits impatiently during a *campesino* mass, thinking of her forthcoming restaurant dinner, while U.S. cotton and coffee *brigadistas* come "to the microphone and express their enthusiasm for the revolutionary process." As a former cotton *brigadista*, I'd like to remind Joan Frawley that the volunteer (unpaid) brigade members choose a trip with thorough exposure to Third-World elements, including rain and cold (coffee harvest) and heat and dust (cotton harvest). *Brigadistas* spend two to four weeks living on farms, alongside the Nicaraguan families who live there permanently. They bathe and do laundry in the same streams, because there's no running water, and they eat rice, beans, and tortillas three times a day, sitting on the ground, not in a restaurant. And they get to know people. Day after day, not in five days of one speech here, one question-and-answer session there. They learn a lot about what this revolution has done for farm workers, and it's even more than free medical care, and education for all, and equal pay for equal work.

The Sandinista revolution has taken a people considered little more than pack animals for as long as anyone could remember, and made them once again sentient beings. The fascination of ideas and discovery is alive again in Nicaragua. The excitement of self-transformation is much stronger there than here. I suppose Joan Frawley would say I'm just trooping to the letters column to express my enthusiasm for the revolutionary process, and I guess I am; but I'm also suggesting that maybe I, and my fellow *brigadistas*, such as the ones she heard, got a chance to know Nicaragua and Nicaraguans better than she did. To quote Don Jose, a peasant farmer who wrote to the mother of his literacy teacher:

> Do you know I'm not ignorant anymore? I know how to read now. Not perfectly, you understand, but I know how. And do you know, your son isn't ignorant anymore either. Now he knows the life of the mountains. Your son, ma'am, has learned to read from our book.
>
> —Hirshon & Butler: *And Also Teach Them to Read* (Lawrence Hill & Co., 1983.)

Maybe a five-day junket just isn't the way to find the revolution there. You need to match the Nicaraguans' efforts with some of your own; to learn to read from *their* book.

—Debby Mayer
New York, New York.

Joan Frawley replies:

Miss Mayer seems to have missed the too subtle irony in my description of the group's reaction to the translator's obvious support for the Nicaraguan government. Like other aspects of the tour, her pro-government bias rubbed the group the wrong way. They came to Nicaragua to confirm the credibility of the revolution. But as good Americans they sought at least the appearance of a balanced forum, which the tour organizers promised to provide but didn't. The scene at the human rights commission suggested that a propaganda tour composed of only slightly willing accomplices was on a collision course with itself.

Miss Mayer suggests a five-day visit is not enough time to see the real fruits of the revolution. I agree. I chose that program because it is the most common type of Nicaraguan tour, after which knowledgeable participants write op-ed pieces in the *New York Times* and lobby congressmen. However, the trip described in my story was not the first but the fourth visit I made to Nicaragua. I am, in fact, part Nicaraguan and I generally stay with relatives when I visit to conduct interviews and research stories. It is doubtful that Miss Mayer's experience, carefully sequestered in one of the *brigadista* programs, is likely to have a more comprehensive view of the Nicaraguan revolution. Indeed, her suggestion that the revolution has earned the support of the rural poor, with whom she shared her two weeks, ignores the overwhelming evidence that *campesinos*, who make up the majority of the contra forces, are most opposed to the policy of the government.

They call people like Miss Mayer *internacionalistas*. Such people, Nicaraguans say, are more interested in affirming the establishment of the utopia or reinforcing their hatred of the American system and American power than really listening to the people.

Was Freud a Freezenik?

The coverage by Dr. Yale and Rita Kramer of the symposium "The Dynamics of Nuclear Numbness" held on March 3, 1985 ("The Shrinking of America," *TAS*, June 1985) bristles with malice, innuendos, and distortions. The meeting was organized by the Union of Concerned Psychoanalysts and Psychotherapists (UCCP) and cosponsored by the Physicians for Social Responsibility. The panel of discussants also included former government officials and a physicist from the Livermore Laboratories. When I first spotted Dr. Kramer, a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst and a former classmate at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, I was gladdened at the prospect of yet another intelligent supporter of the cause. Little did I know that Dr. Kramer was busy sharpening his teeth and talons.

Along with concerned scientists, physicians, and psychologists, the UCCP has come out decrying the real dangers of waging thermonuclear warfare and the arms race and is raising public consciousness about these in the spirit of free debate and the democratic American tradition of checks and balances. This is a duty of any informed citizen. Dr. Kramer scoffs at such activists as a medley of assorted yogurt-eating liberals, leftists, and pacifists, and derides their ability to question *Realpolitik*, nuclear warfare, SDI, and military spending. But he is no better judge of these matters than the poor schnooks he set up to laugh at. However, his arguments are totally devoid of substance: They are purely *ad hominem*.

But these national and international issues are not his concern. They serve him as a springboard for setting us straight about what real, true-blue, pure-faith Freudian psychoanalysis is all about. With such self-styled apologists Freud and psychoanalysis need no detractors.

Dr. Kramer's credo comes to this: Psychoanalysis should be legitimately concerned with the psychic and *not* the social, with unconscious conflict (a troubled locution, since, like pain, con-

(continued on page 30)

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EDITORIALS

ZOO SEX

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr

The present pother over AIDS is comparable to no other problem in American history. It is a health problem as tuberculosis was once a health problem, but now it has been transmogrified into a civil rights matter with quasi-religious overtones. In addressing tuberculosis a century ago, one was addressing an illness particularly prevalent among tenement dwellers. Nonetheless, authorities addressed the matter boldly and intelligently without fear of political harassment. Consequently, measures were implemented to reduce the disease even before suitable drugs had been developed. For instance, overcrowded living conditions were ameliorated. Hygiene was improved. Diets were changed.

Today any discussion of AIDS is sheathed in euphemisms, as one must constantly duck the recriminations of homosexual-rights moralizers whose strictures are like nothing so much as those of their archenemies, the Bible-pounders. Recommendations from health authorities must pass the solemn judgments of sexual pontificators, ideologues, and quacks. As time passes the disease spreads. Rarely is it discussed candidly or intelligently. This fall the question facing the public is whether schools should bar young AIDS victims. Various ideologues say no. New York's Mayor Koch proffers a qualified yes. Utterly lost from view is the grim acknowledgement that these children will soon be dead and that while many of America's 13,000 AIDS sufferers contracted the disease by disregarding proper hygiene, these children suffer because adults have frequently absconded from their responsibilities for maintaining public health.

AIDS is not a civil rights problem. It is a public health problem associated with promiscuous sex, specifically promiscuous homosexual sex. Over a decade ago health authorities recognized that such zoo sex posed a serious health problem. That was when researchers discovered a high incidence among homosexuals of hepatitis-B, theretofore a virus uncommon in America. At that point public health authorities should have refused to allow homosexuals to donate blood, for their blood raised the risk of hepatitis-B's spreading to the general public. Nothing was done then, and when AIDS made its appearance in the homosexual community shortly thereafter, homosexual groups thwarted attempts to question potential blood donors about their "sexual orientation." Apparently, an individual's right to remain silent regarding questions of sexual hygiene takes precedence over a blood recipient's right to sound medical care.

Similarly, when officials in such cities as New York and San Francisco tried to shut down homosexual bathhouses, which are veritable breeding swamps for AIDS and other homosexual-related diseases, homosexual-rights moralizers brought these efforts to ruin. As many as one million Americans are AIDS carriers, and researchers believe that 10 percent of these unfortunates will come down with the disease and die. Some homosexuals have seen the light and demand that AIDS be treated as the public-health menace that it is, but others frustrate proper policy and turn the matter into soap opera. They balk at attempts to quarantine the disease. They reproach the government for not spending money for cures.

Actually, vast amounts have now been allotted for AIDS research. In the past four years annual government appropriations have climbed from $5.5 million to over $120 million. Yet any notion of a cure being within our grasp is utterly fanciful. The AIDS agent is a virus and, as with most common viral diseases, cures remain elusive. Vaccines are more plausible, but the AIDS virus is prone to constant mutation. Any vaccine developed today would in all probability be ineffectual tomorrow owing to changes in the viral strain.

AIDS is but one of an unedifying congeries of serious diseases prevalent among promiscuous homosexuals. A year ago, Patrick Buchanan, then a syndicated columnist, now head of White House communications, and Dr. Gordon Muir, a medical researcher, published an essay in these pages listing nearly a half dozen dangerous health problems, such as "Gay Bowel Syndrome" and hepatitis non-A non-B, spreading from the homosexual community to the general public. These problems ought to be addressed intelligently. America is now in the absurd position of treating exhaled smoke from cigarette smokers as more dangerous than viruses and parasites of proven deadliness. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

MYSTERIOUS RETICENCE

As Ronald Reagan, who has vanquished so many liberals, comes out yet again to battle their paladins on Capitol Hill and in the bureaucratic foxholes, one of the mysteries of the Republic must be the scarcity of commentaries and books admiring or even noting his accomplishments. In the United Kingdom there are, at this very hour, over half a dozen books out assaying Prime Minister Thatcher's accomplishments or blunders. In America, I doubt there are that many different presidential postcards available, though the Reagan Administration is markedly more historic than the Thatcher government, its break with the past being bolder. And Mrs. Thatcher appears almost monotonous when placed next to Ronald Reagan, an ex-actor, judged a political has-been in 1977, and now our oldest President.

We have, admittedly, the *obbligato* campaign books, but all are tedious and insipid. Some Washington observers argue that the dullness of these books and the paucity of other Reagan books is owing to the size of the 1984 landslide and to the fact that in his campaign Ron said very little about his policies and his *Weltanschauung*. The explanation will not wash.

Electoral squeakers are not the only elections that fetch the imagination and quicken the pulse. The Roosevelt election of 1936 was a stupendous landslide, and on the campaign trail the great Roosevelt said little that was daring or memorable. The election evoked, however, vast commentary. It marked the end of the old Republican order and the rise of a new perspective on

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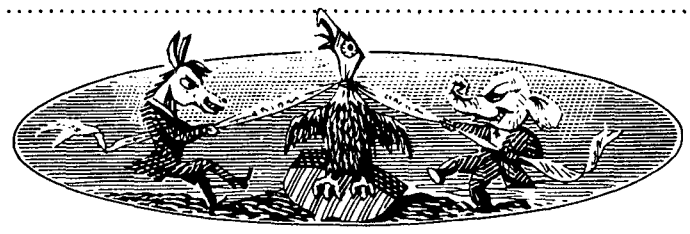
merican constitutional politics. The oosevelt campaign hummed along awlessly, but few campaigns have atacted more literary attention, and to is day many of us recognize James . Farley's jest: "As Maine goes, so oes Vermont."

No such jests mark the 1984 landide, nor will you find as many books ritten about RR's first five years as ere written about FDR's, though the eagan Administration represents a milar disjunction with the past. After vercoming such fantastic figures as ary Hart, Jesse Jackson, and George lcGovern, the Hon. Walter Mondale headed possibly the most liberal ticket of the century, only to blow up in a poof on election day when the voters opted for one of the century's most conservative tickets, Reagan-Bush—not the equal of the fabulous Coolidge-Dawes ticket of 1924, but admirably conservative nonetheless. What is more, the Reagan Administration's policies have been bold departures from the social engineering that had reached an apogee with affirmative action, from spiraling taxation, and from the passivity of the Carter foreign policy. Still, books, articles, and even television commentaries on these amazing events are scarce.

What makes this a mystery is that the Reagan Administration could make such a gripping legend. Radicals could bring together all their fears of impending doom: starvation in the streets, upheaval amongst the masses, suddenly comes America's Marxist Dawn! But radicals have contemplated the Reagan regime for five years and are too fearful now to write of such calamity and rebirth. Conservatives, too, could turn out a tolerable legend: a septuagenarian Prince Charming, a pretty and stylish First Lady, liberty renewed, the American eagle soars anew—a Camelot for clock-stoppers! Yet conservatives seem speechless. In Washington they fret over jobs and live with the melancholy knowledge that few of their colleagues read, so why write about Ronald Reagan?

The real question is why the consensus commentators in the middle do not write interesting books about the last five years of Reaganism. Instead they write sleep-inducing tomes such as Jack Germond and Jules Witcover's aptly titled *Wake Us When It's Over.* Is this owing to a massive loss of imagination, or has it to do with their source in the Oval Office? Perhaps Ronald Reagan does not want books and articles written about him. Upon close inspection, there always has been a mysterious reticence around Ronald Reagan, and it intensifies the closer one gets to him. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



ARABESQUE

by Tom Bethell

The American Arab Antiiscrimination Committee is or purorts to be one of those civil rights roups that we hear so much about, orever accusing the rest of us of insenitivity or worse. It was founded by ames Abourezk, the former senator rom South Dakota, in response to 'stereotyping, defamation and liscrimination directed against Americans of Arab descent." There vas another founder, called Jim Zogby, ut he seems to have disagreed with Abourezk, and then he left to become ice chairman of Jesse Jackson's residential campaign. The ADC (as it s called) is now Abourezk's baby, with o trace of Zogby remaining.

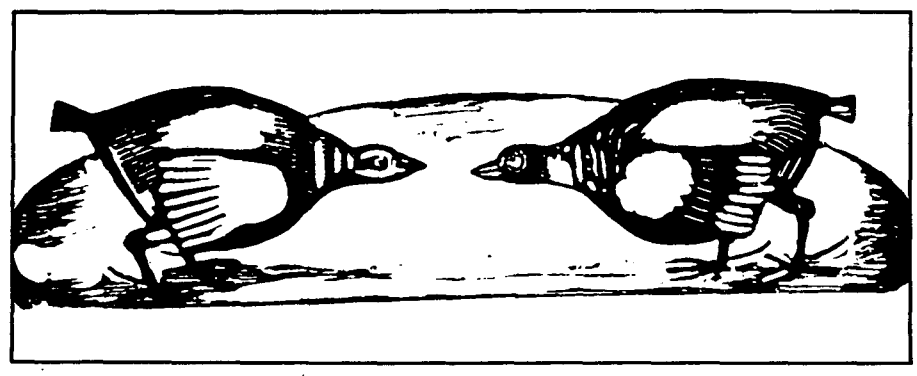
I decided to attend ADC's annual convention, held this year at the Washington Hilton on Connecticut Avenue. Many interesting speakers were scheduled to appear, either in person or by satellite hookup. Here is a parial list, and ask yourself as you read t what these people have in common what is the defining characteristic of he group): former undersecretary of state George Ball; Tom Brokaw of NBC; Washington mayor Marion Barry; *Nation* columnists Alexander Cockburn and Christopher Hitchens; Congressman David Obey and former Congressmen Pete McCloskey and Paul Findley; folk singer Pete Seeger; Yassir Arafat, the well-known Palestinian, and Vanessa Redgrave, the actress.

Surveying this list, I found it hard to believe that all these people were appearing at the Hilton because they were exercised about the negative stereotyping of Arab-Americans; for example, such "documented instances of harassment" as the claim that on the week of June 16-22, in the thick of the hostage crisis, a radio talk-show host in San Francisco referred to Shiite Muslims as "camel jockeys" and "rag heads," as a result of which he "was forced off the air for one day but was back the next and refused to apologize."

No, there had to be something rather more pressing on the minds of this well-dressed throng pouring into the Hilton ballroom to have lunch and hear network anchorman Tom Brokaw speak! Israel, I submit, preoccupied them rather more than the tent-and-camel stereotype. This hypothesis gains in plausibility when one recalls that the star speaker at last year's gathering was Louis Farrakhan of the Nation of Islam, who arrived with six bodyguards, promised that Jerusalem would be the center of World War III, and was hailed with a thunderous standing ovation.

Abourezk I have known for years and I have always thought him a genial fellow, although I would say one of the least victimized people I have met in Washington. He was already seated at the dais so I said hello and told him that he did not look particularly discriminated against to me. "Well, I'm not," he said, "but my clients are."

On behalf of his clients, the ADC took out three full-page ads in the *Washington Post* in June—the week the foreign aid bill came up for a vote—objecting to the high levels of U.S. aid to Israel. These ads alone (and there were others across the country) cost Abourezk's clients $100,000, so they must be rich even if they are oppressed.



Brokaw spoke decorously, although scarcely concealing his hero-worship of Hafez Assad, the Syrian dictator, whose strongman status in the Middle East has earned him enormous respect in the U.S. media. And since it is this year's fashion, Brokaw was also deferential toward the Soviet dictator Gorbachev, whom he described as being "not just a hostage to the past." It seemed odd in a way that we should be sitting there so respectfully as this youthful newsreader gave us his *aperçus* about international relations—testament, of course, to his ability to decide, at least in part, where to cast the spotlight of attention, and where *not* to cast it. (The media is a collection of spotlights, not floodlights. The general idea seems to be to get all the spotlights aimed at the same place, such as South Africa. This creates an intolerable glare, an aura of crisis, and a sense of mission in the press corps: They know when that happens they are not merely describing events but helping to make them happen.)

Brokaw spoke longingly about the prospects for "successful peace negotiations" in the Middle East—success here to be thought of as the Administration bringing pressure on Israel to undermine its own security. Brokaw saw that such pressure and therefore

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such "success" is not likely to be immediately forthcoming, one reason being that "the U.S. at the moment is a benign and not a forceful presence in the Middle East." In general, Brokaw thought, the Middle East should be put "on the superpower agenda," which would subject decisions in the area to Soviet approval and veto.

Abourezk introduced Mayor Barry as "a good friend of ours—to tell you how good a job he does, the *Washington Post* denounces him every day." (One had thought they let him off lightly.) The mayor congratulated the assembled company for deciding to march in protest in front of both the South African and Israeli embassies. And he received a warm round of applause when he said that "peace can only come" to the Middle East "when justice has prevailed." He added that there was a bill in the hopper to rename a part of Massachusetts Avenue, that infamous section of Embassy Row which is home to the British and South African embassies, "Nelson and Winnie Mandela Avenue."

The panel discussion including Cockburn and Hitchens ("How the Media Covers the Middle East") wa attended by at least 600 people. Stand ing room only. Crowds jostling at th doors. (By comparison, a panel o Arab-American "outreach" had fou attendees, and one on "legal remedie to employment discrimination" hac forty, which tells you something abou the organization's true direction.) couldn't help comparing this larg crowd with Reed Irvine's Accuracy i Media conferences, where panel devoted to media criticism are attend ed by a small fraction of ADC's eage hordes. I say this to caution those whc suggest that ADC is not to be taken toc seriously. It is growing rapidly, it has influential supporters and wealthy backers, and its goal, succinctly stated, is to bathe Israel in a glare of hostile attention comparable to that now experienced by South Africa.

It seemed to me there was a moment of tension in the room when Cockburn explained why he had always "felt somewhat attuned to the problems that people of Palestinian and Arab descent have had." Although Irish he was born in Scotland, he said, "and my father was unable to be present at my birth because he was a member of the British Communist Party and"—a sudden stillness in the room here—"at that time in 1941 he was not permitted to visit the north of Scotland because it was thought that he might in these remote highlands somehow attack capitalism in a way that would affect Britain's performance in the war." (Laughter.) "So he had the privilege of seeing me for the first time on Euston Station when I was about three months old." Later Cockburn evidently also suffered at the hands of unfair British stereotypes about the Irish. So he was after all saying nothing more than that he too had felt the sting of oppression, and was in solidarity with his fellow sufferers. For a shocking moment I wondered if he was about to appeal to a rather different sense of solidarity . . .

No doubt there were at the conference a good many "state of mind Communists" (in Gus Hall's useful phrase), some I dare say in the room even as Hitchens and Cockburn spoke. One speaker at another equally packed session, "South Africa and Israel," used the word "struggle" so many times per sentence that it became quite ludicrous listening to her.

Chistopher Hitchens was no less interesting than Cockburn. Having praised Noam Chomsky extravagantly ("the only living American intellectual with a world claim to be considered an original intellectual thinker") he had something to say about *Double Vision* by Ze'ev Chafets, Menachem Begin's former press aide. Hitchens noted that

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this book Chafets had "listed the ıme of every Jew in the media . . . in der to prove [his thesis that the media as] against Israel is so strong because l of these Jewish people are self- aters who have to overcompensate for ıeir Jewishness by adding to the mass f calumny and distortion that is dai- heaped upon the Jewish national ome."

In this, Hitchens believed Chafets isplayed "a very serious case of linical paranoia." And yet it was strik- ıg to me at least that Cockburn raised to the skies a Jewish chemistry rofessor at the Hebrew University in erusalem, Israel Shahak, who turned ut to be in the audience as Cockburn poke and who later addressed two ther panels. Shahak was a great hero ɔ the assembled multitude because he ranslates from the Hebrew material hat might be thought damaging to the sraeli cause.

When he contributed to the forum ɔn "The Future of Palestine," Shahak aged 53, from Poland, and a concen- ration camp survivor) spoke thus: 'The political and social situation in- ide the Israeli-Jewish society in Palestine—and I will add the United States but this is not my subject—is be- ng characterized by the rise of what I :all the Jewish Nazis." Later he :laimed: "That Jewish Nazism exists is ıo longer in dispute, certainly not in Israel." And more in this vein.

We heard also from Rabbi Elmer Berger, currently residing in Sarasota, Florida, who was introduced as "one who has influenced our thinking :remendously," and "a pioneer in the field of understanding Zionism." He boldly opined that Israel, "which still exists as a state in the Middle East through the exploitation and the beneficence and the political cowardice of the leaders of the United States government, continues to threaten and intimidate all of the Middle East." It was my impression that Shahak and Berger provided a degree of corrobo- ration for the Chafets thesis.

Cal Thomas of Moral Majority was I think the only unsympathetic speaker at the conference, joining in a panel on "The Unholy Alliance: Right Wing Evangelicals and the Arab-Israeli Con- flict." There was much booing and hissing when he said, courageously: "West Bank Arabs have more civil rights than citizens of any Arab coun- try. They have access to impartial courts and the right of Habeas Corpus. They enjoy freedom of the press, of movement, and of peaceful assembly."

No doubt this is true, and no doubt it will carry as much weight in the public prints as the claim, equally plausible, that blacks have more civil rights in South Africa than in any other African country except perhaps Bots- wana. In any event, let me conclude with the observation that the Arabs will find it extremely difficult to establish the rule of law, hence property rights, hence economic advance, in any Mid- dle East state dominated by the Muslim faith. This religion, at least in its pres- ent phase, legitimizes a Mullah class that is itself above the law, leaving no contracts secure. The oil-derived wealth of recent years will quickly dissipate into the Arabian sands, as already is beginning to happen.

For these reasons, the destruction of Israel, which I take to be the number one item on the Arab agenda, can on- ly be achieved with Moscow's assis- tance. This is the basis of the growing Arab-Communist alliance, which in turn is strengthened by and dovetails with the Soviet Union's natural fear of Israel; a fear that is paradoxical in view of Israel's socialist origins and the Soviet Union's support for Israel at the U.N. in 1948; but real enough nonetheless, and the basis of a grow- ing antagonism between the two states. □

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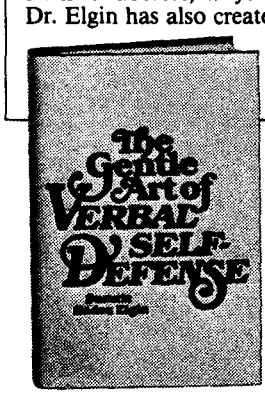
Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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GAMES ANTI-NUKES PLAY

The Government Accountability Project's assault on nuclear energy.

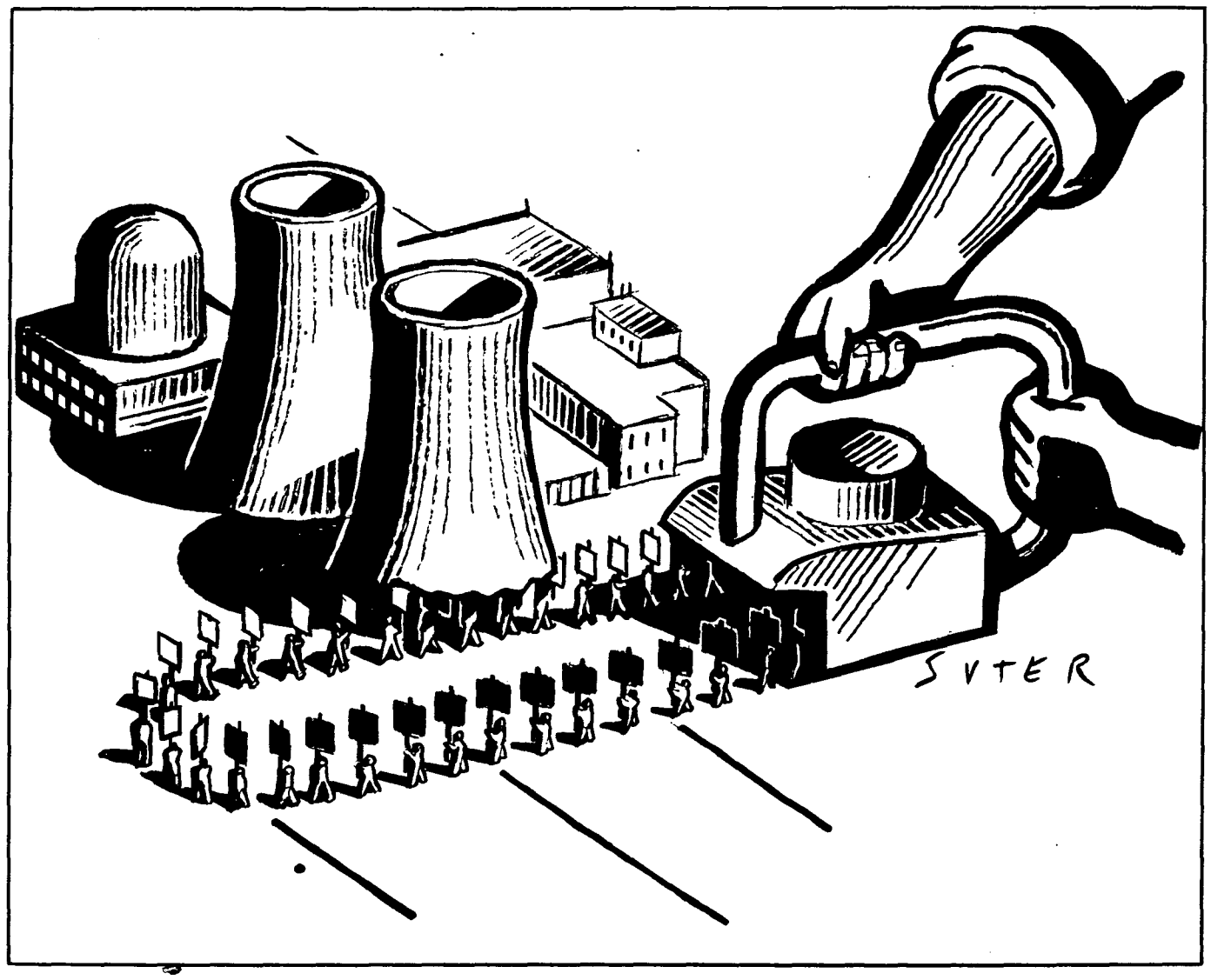
On December 22, 1983, ABC's "20/20" featured an expose of alleged "bizarre activities" at the Palo Verde nuclear plant being constructed in the Arizona desert. According to "Secrets of the Desert," as the segment was called, the Bechtel Corporation, prime contractor for the plant, was engaged in secret massive dumping of new or barely used tools in a giant landfill on a scale so large that it could go at least part way toward explaining the project's huge cost overruns. Several earnest-sounding former employees came before the camera to contend that they had themselves been involved in regular evening burials of electric tools, portovans, acetylene hose, hard hats, welding gloves, boots, wrenches, tape measures, saws—some of them still in crates. ABC's reporter, Tom Jarriel, held up large whirring tools in each hand to illustrate the useful character of the machinery Bechtel had entombed in the shifting Arizona sands.

What was the motive for Bechtel's peculiar management decision? In explanation, "20/20" offered the theory that the tools were supplied by a company Bechtel owned. Bechtel buried them unused or barely-used so as to be able to buy more tools from its subsidiary company, thus increasing profits.

On the program, one of the workers declared, "We know what size the pits are and where they are." The state attorney general vowed to Jarriel that he would find some way to dig up the desert dump site, but lamented the absence of any funds at his command to do so. After the program, the Bechtel Corporation, stung by the dreadful publicity, paid $300,000 for the attorney general's office to dig up the sites pinpointed by its accusers. In December 1984 the attorney general's office issued its report, which said that apart from a few broken hammers and pieces of wire, it had found nothing at all. Despite the wide publicity accorded the original charges, the revelation that the charges were without substance was confined to such journals as *Highway and Heavy Construction*. While "20/20" could not totally ignore the conclusion of its own story, it used the fruitless search for buried tools as a means to put the knife into Bechtel once again. On March 7, 1985, in the context of yet another attack on the Palo Verde plant, this time focusing on "rate shock," "20/20" complained loftily that the ratepayer had to pay for such controversies, which "drive up the cost of the already over-budgeted project."

ABC may have extricated itself with admirable agility, but what had led it to broadcast the report in the first place? The source of ABC's story, it seems certain,[1] was the Government Accountability Project (GAP), at the time part of the Institute for Policy Studies, the Washington, D.C. based "think-tank" which for two decades has served as the intellectual hub of radical activism in the United States. (Like other successful IPS projects, it has now formally "spun off" from the mother organization, although its headquarters remain in the IPS building.) GAP has become the most successful anti-nuclear organization in the country, stopping at least one multi-billion dollar project cold (Cincinnati's Zimmer plant), playing a role in stopping Consumers Power's Midland facility in Michigan, and running up many millions of dollars in costs for other plants whose operations it has delayed by a variety of means.

GAP's *modus operandi* in the tale of buried tools was a variation on its nor-



Rael Jean Isaac's most recent book (with Erich Isaac) is The Coercive Utopians *(Regnery Gateway).*

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l procedure. It was typical in that AP worked together with a local anti-clear group (in this case, the Palo rde Intervention Fund), that it relied on "whistleblowers," usually former orkers at the targeted plant, and that went directly to the media with their ories. Normally, however, GAP tores" allegations until a plant is nost complete—sometimes awaiting e plant's license from the Nuclear egulatory Commission to operate at w, or even full power—before it arges the plant is unsafe and should ot be permitted to operate. (In the se of Palo Verde, the timing coincid- l with hearings scheduled by the rizona public utility commission on e utility's request for emergency rate lief.)

Whatever the details of GAP's ap-oach in the particular case, the group wes its success to its masterful play-g of an anti-nuclear "game." GAP as devised the rules, and it has made ie media, the Nuclear Regulatory ommission, the courts, and the ilities play by them. GAP established ie pattern of its game in 1980 when first entered the anti-nuclear energy rena to stop Cincinnati Gas and Elec-ic's Zimmer plant, which was then 7-percent complete. GAP's chief histleblower in this case was Thomas pplegate, a private detective who had een hired by the utility to check umors of time-card cheating by orkers at the plant and who claimed hat, in the course of his investigation, ie had discovered dangerously bad ork at the plant, above all faulty elds.

GAP went to the media with its harges, triggering an NRC investiga-ion. While no one ever proved there ere faulty welds at Zimmer, GAP had tumbled onto something. It turned ut the utility had neglected its paper-ork, and was helpless to prove that he welds, or other work, were good. In the end, pounded by the media, excoriated by politicians leaping on a popular bandwagon, placed under a stop-work order by the NRC, and facing huge costs to tear down large parts of the plant so as to start the paperwork all over again, Cincinnati Gas and Electric in 1984 abandoned its plant, announcing it would convert it to coal. Paul Sieck, a business executive active in Energy Ratepayers United, a group that fruitlessly did battle against GAP, says that Zimmer had become such an emotional public issue the utility had no choice: It simply saw no light at the end of the tunnel. Ironically, once the decision was made to abandon the plant, an independent study commissioned by the Ohio Public Utilities Commission, while highly critical of what it called Cincinnati Gas and Electric's "substantial mismanagement," concluded that the plant had in fact been well-built overall but had "become the victim of an elusive unknown percentage of unacceptable work which cannot be identified."

GAP had developed a game-plan so successful it saw no reason to alter it: Go in with accusations of defective welds and inadequate paperwork, known in the trade as "quality assurance," and demand the NRC issue a stop-work order until a full investigation of all safety-related issues could be completed. GAP could hope, with good reason, that the millions in interest the utility would be forced to pay at this last minute stage of construction would force it to abandon the plant before such a study could even be undertaken. In the wake of Zimmer, GAP was flooded with requests from anti-nuclear groups from around the country, and it selected eleven plants that looked particularly promising.[2] To be sure, the game has never gone quite as smoothly again, if only because the other plants GAP targeted did not suffer from such overwhelming paperwork failures. In the case of Zimmer, an NRC official estimated that 4 million documents were missing. While this is indeed a tribute to bad paper work, it is also an indication of the paper quagmire into which those who construct plants are pushed by NRC regulations and of the propitious conditions under which GAP works.

In any event, the media never failed to rise to the bait, and the NRC dutifully launched last minute investigations in plant after plant, even though the allegations of GAP whistleblowers were repeatedly found to be inaccurate or of no consequence for safety. What GAP achieved in most cases was significant delay that drove up costs to consumers, and creation of a climate of fear and distrust of nuclear power among the public to be served by the plant.

GAP established the pattern of its game in 1980 when it first entered the anti-nuclear energy arena to stop Cincinnati Gas and Electric's Zimmer plant, which was then 97-percent complete.

Whistleblowers, the key to GAP's game, were solicited, with the cooperation of local anti-nuclear groups, through everything from printed appeals to plant workers to visits to their local hangouts. When despite such efforts insufficient workers came forward, GAP accused the utility of intimidating workers and demanded the NRC "break down" the plant's "omniscient image." At Duke Power's Catawba plant in North Carolina, for example, where GAP teamed up with the local Palmetto Alliance to stop the plant, GAP announced that its "previous experience" with Zimmer and Midland had given it "a good idea of what to look for and what we will find at Catawba." Although GAP managed to wring three separate investigations from the NRC, it suffered from an embarrassing paucity of whistleblowers, and Catawba was ultimately licensed earlier this year.

What motivates GAP's whistleblowers? Jay Harrison, whom the NRC's Office of Special Cases assigned to investigate many of GAP's 190 allegations against Midland, summed up his experience: "You get some real strange people making charges for various reasons. . . . When you go to interview them they are incoherent or vague for whatever reason." Harrison found there were people who were disgruntled, who had vendettas, who were getting even for having lost their jobs. Sometimes allegations were the by-product of tensions, typical of all the plants, between workers and safety inspectors, who often faced verbal abuse for refusing to approve work.

Whatever the motivation, GAP after a while even had "traveling allegers," workers who discovered hazards at more than one plant. E. Earl Kent had been employed by Bechtel at the Midland plant for three months. He came forward with GAP's favorite charge of defective welds. It turned out Kent had been fired after twice failing the certification exam for his job as welding inspector. Moreover, it appeared that Kent had earlier worked for Litton industries, building ships for the Navy. After being fired in 1971, Kent sent a 26-page telegram to President Nixon, claiming the ships being designed and built would create "a bunch of widows and orphans." The Navy set up a board of inquiry, which found the charges without merit. (One senior welding engineer remarked that Kent wanted tungsten steel around the turbine exhaust so thick and heavy it would have sunk the ship.) All the ships challenged by Kent remain in safe operation today.

Undaunted, after Midland Kent turned up on the West Coast at another GAP-targeted plant, San Onofre, to allege thousands of defective welds. At a cost of $200,000 these charges were duly investigated by the NRC with the assistance of Southern California Edison and Bechtel, and found to be without merit. GAP lashed out at the investigators, announced that Kent's credentials were "impeccable," and declared the NRC would be held accountable for his "shabby treatment." There was even an effort to bring Kent to testify at Catawba, although he had never been there, to back up the testimony of one Howard Nunn, fired for excessive unexcused absences, who had announced: "I'm concerned [Catawba] is permeated with laminated, stinking rotten pipe."

In playing its game, GAP is greatly helped by an even bigger player: the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. As one disgusted Commonwealth Edison of Illinois official put it, the NRC's licensing process "in no way lends itself to the objective of licensing nuclear power plants. Rather it seems to be designed to offer opponents every opportunity to interfere with licensing."

The NRC's rules provide that allegations against a plant can be brought forward in any form or forum (for example, the rules specifically mention phone, letter, newsmedia reports, offices, business meetings, even social functions), at any time, by anyone. There is no cut-off point, which permits GAP to store up its allegations—and, in the case of California's Diablo

I say "seems certain" because ABC refuses o confirm that GAP was its source. Pressed by Reed Irvine of Accuracy in Media, George Watson, vice-president of ABC News, would say only that GAP had been 'among [their] sources." I tried to elicit information on the origin of the story from he "20/20" segment's producer, Kathy McManus, who said she was unable to speak without permission of Mauri Perl of he ABC public relations department. Miss Perl would not give the necessary permission. The circumstantial evidence, however, s overwhelming. The Palo Verde Intervention Fund's press conference in December 1983 first publicly airing the charges could not have triggered ABC's interest because ABC had already filmed its interviews with local whistleblowers months earlier. GAP had acted as counsel for the Palo Verde Intervention Fund, a tiny group, and so it seems obvious that GAP used its media connections to bring "20/20" to Palo Verde.

[2] Apart from Zimmer, the main GAP targets have been Callaway in Missouri, Catawba in North Carolina, Comanche Peak in Texas, Diablo Canyon and San Onofre in California, LaSalle and Braidwood in Illinois, Midland in Michigan, Palo Verde in Arizona, Three Mile Island in Pennsylvania, and Waterford in Louisiana.

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Canyon, to unload thousands of them on the unfortunate NRC commissioners at one time. There is no requirement that the allegations have any relation to safety or that they be backed up by proof, and there is no penalty for false charges, although investigating them can consume vast quantities of taxpayer dollars and, because the cost of delay is so high, increase the cost of the plant by millions of dollars.

In a single eight-month period (from November 1983 to June 1984) the NRC calculated that it devoted 18,000 staff hours to examining GAP allegations at Diablo Canyon alone. Of course, no issue is ever resolved to GAP's satisfaction. During an NRC meeting on the plant, one commissioner observed: "You know, collectively we have spent several years and probably a billion dollars dealing with the seismic issue." Yet most of GAP's last minute allegations were based on the "seismic issue." One of GAP's attorneys, Tom Devine, cheerfully dismissed the NRC's efforts: "We don't know any better now whether Diablo Canyon can withstand an earthquake than we did in 1981." Perhaps the ultimate effrontery came from Mothers for Peace, the anti-nuclear group that invited GAP to Diablo Canyon. A leader of the group, which over the years had thrown up every possible roadblock to completion of the plant, from mass demonstrations to legal challenges, complained to the NRC: "That plant is fourteen years old. The whole plant is old. It's an obsolete plant."

And yet, were it not for the bottomless credulity of the media, it is doubtful that GAP's game would work. Local media are crucial in arousing the public and politicians, forcing the NRC to bend over backwards in its dealings with GAP. While typically the media invite the utility to respond to GAP's charges, the utility, which has no prior knowledge of the charges, is afraid to call them groundless without a detailed internal investigation; GAP wins the battle, because in being unable to deny the charges immediately, the utility has given them credibility. GAP is equally successful with national media. For example, ABC, in addition to the Palo Verde fairy tale, earlier this year featured GAP's charges against Texas's Comanche Peak in a three-hour anti-nuclear documentary entitled "The Fire Unleashed," whose segment on nuclear energy must go down as one of the silliest performances in television history. A national television audience was soberly treated to a collection of old wives' tales about staggering cats, deformed dandelions, under-producing ducks, waves of heat, hair turning white overnight—all the result of Three Mile Island, whose clean-up GAP successfully delayed by a full year.

Ultimately GAP's game rests on the pretense that we all share the same goal, namely the safe operation of nuclear power plants. Thus in a 1983 statement submitted to the NRC, GAP was careful to insist that "the Project [GAP] is not an 'anti-nuclear' organization"; its purpose was rather "to prevent health and safety dangers, corruption, fraud and other abuses." When Energy Ratepayers United, the citizens' group that tried to save Zimmer, sent letters-to-the-editor trying to expose GAP's real purposes, Louis Clark, GAP's executive director, took the trouble to write to the group's leader, Robert Acomb, denying the charges. In his letter of April 16, 1983, Clark said that the purposes of Energy Ratepayers United and GAP were the same: "At least I have been given to understand that you want the Zimmer Nuclear Power Station to operate safely. . . . The Government Accountability Project has no hidden agendas." A bare two weeks later, however, GAP prepared a memorandum for its own use analyzing a Supreme Court decision permitting the state of California to rule out nuclear plants on economic but not on safety grounds; the decision, the GAP memo said, could be used "creatively," so as "to impose a statutory ban on construction and probably on operation," since economic impact studies could be demanded even after a plant was on line. At that point, according to the memo, GAP could demand that the utility prove its ability to compensate all claimants in the event of an accident, and to pay for all possible future repairs. In the event of an accident or even "major unanticipated repairs" the notion of "psychological trauma" could be introduced. For, said the memo, the economic consequences could be "devastating if a significant percentage of the population tried to leave due to fear that the facility will reopen."

The NRC dutifully launched last minute investigations in plant after plant, even though the allegations of GAP whistleblowers were repeatedly found to be inaccurate or of no consequence for safety.

The hypocrisy can get wearing. When the anti-nuclear groups have their annual get-togethers under the aegis of Ralph Nader's Critical Mass, they let their hair down. Robert Hager, a member of the law team that represented the estate of Karen Silkwood, told the assembled activists in 1983: "Let's face it. We don't want safe plants—we want the ones being planned to be blocked and the ones operating to be shut down."

The media never question GAP's public persona. In the hundreds of stories on GAP's activities that I read in local papers near GAP-targeted plants, not one described GAP as an anti-nuclear group. It was an "environmental watchdog group," a "government watchdog group," a "national public interest organization."

Even specifically business-orient segments of the national press are more probing. The *Wall Street Jour* has referred to GAP as "a priv watchdog group" and *Business We* describes it as a "public inter group."

Under these conditions the NRC the most part is helpless to do anythi but play the fly to GAP's spider. C casionally the commissioners flap th wings in protest. When in October 19 GAP, two days before the NRC's fin hearing on granting a full power licen to Union Electric Company's Callaw plant, came up with forty-eight ne allegations, two of the commissione lost patience. One of them declared, ' simply find it difficult to believe th many of these [allegations] were n known for some period of time," an added that GAP's effort to toss all th charges on the table at the last minut "just isn't going to work." And in rare show of unanimity, all five com missioners promptly voted to licens Callaway.

But for the most part the NRC h meekly played GAP's game. Even whe presented with opportunities for brin ing GAP to heel, the NRC has bee afraid to act. In 1982, Consume Power received permission from th Atomic Safety and Licensing Board t subpoena GAP affidavits allegin serious safety problems at its Midlan plant. When GAP claimed it was con cerned about keeping the identities o its whistleblowers secret, Consumer Power said the identities of GAP' sources could be deleted from th affidavits—the utility wanted only th substance of the charges so that i could correct any problems that migh exist. But the last thing GAP wanted of course, was for the utility to in vestigate the allegations; when GAI was ready to demand a stop-work order, the utility might be able to refut the charges or say the problems hac already been addressed. GAP refused to honor the subpoenas, and it was then up to the NRC to request court enforcement. The NRC put off making any decision until the end of June 1984. By then the issue was moot: A week earlier Consumers Power had thrown in the towel, postponing the project indefinitely.

Allowing utilities to know what allegations are pending against them is not the only means to stop GAP's game: A more courageous NRC could change the rules. Whistleblowers could be required to provide evidence for their charges. There could be a cut-off point after which charges could no longer be submitted. Above all, there could be penalties for false allegations. Intervenors like GAP and the local

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ıti-nuclear groups it works with might ıve to post a bond which would be ırfeited if the allegations proved unue. (In courts of law, those who are ıund to bring a case frivolously can ɜ forced to bear its costs.) Ironically, ıe Government Accountability Projɜt's ability to operate rests on the fact ıat it is accountable to no one and ɔthing.

The NRC does little to impede ·AP's game because of fear, and ıe NRC has good reason to be inmidated. For it would be taking on ɔt only GAP and its formidable ırent, the Institute for Policy Studies, ıt the entire complex of organizations ɜeking to eliminate nuclear power. ·AP has taken on the task of adıinistering the last blows to a nuclear ɔwer industry already on the ropes, ıanks to the earlier efforts of rganizations such as Ralph Nader's ritical Mass, the Union of Conɜrned Scientists, Physicians for Social esponsibility, and the Mobilization ɔr Survival. If the NRC dared to take n GAP, the weight of the entire antiuclear complex would be thrown in› the lists, with the media as its ropagandist.

As it is, the NRC reaps no gratitude ·om GAP for its forbearance. GAP ɔmmunity organizer Billie Garde apeared on ABC's "The Fire Unɜashed" to say of the NRC: "The gency is ideologically corrupt. They elieve that the public is the enemy and is their job to help the industry figure ut a way to break the law and surive." Nor does GAP allow an NRC ecision to go against it without a ght. When an NRC investigation of ·AP allegations at the San Onofre lant in California failed to come up ·ith the result GAP desired, it emanded—and got—an NRC investiation of the original NRC investigaion. When that too exonerated the lant, GAP, along with the local antiuclear Orange County Alliance for urvival, staged a press conference in Aarch 1985 demanding an investigaion of the investigation of the ıvestigation!

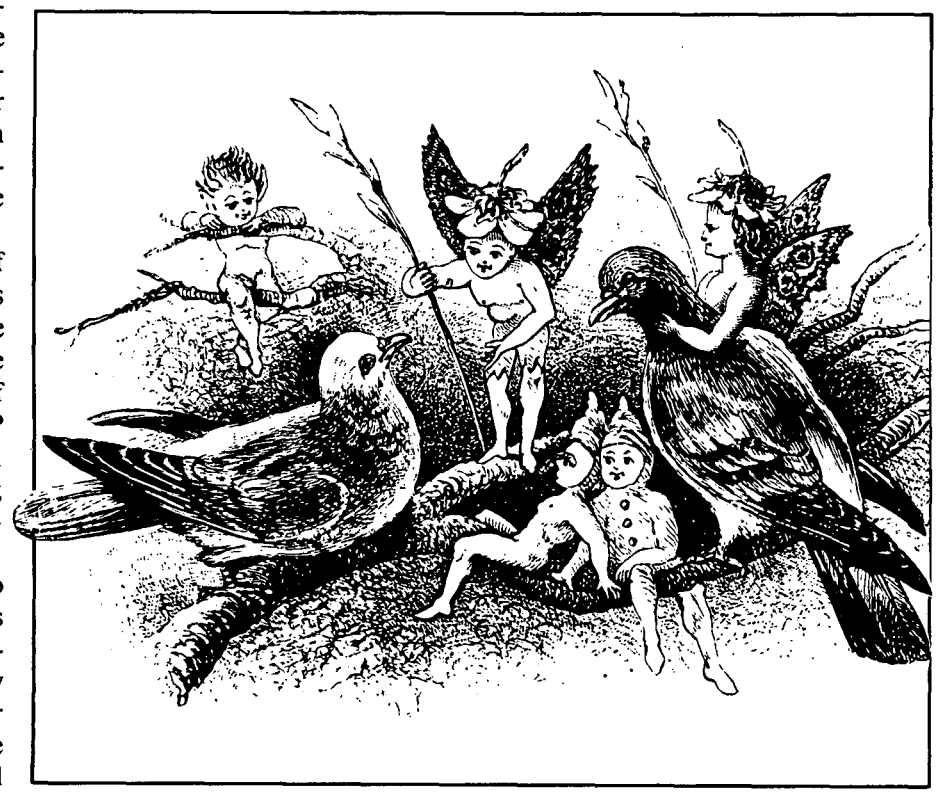
And when the NRC, after years of lelay, finally issued operating permits or both units of Diablo Canyon (one t full power), GAP went to court. The J.S. Appeals Court for the District of Columbia ruled that the issues GAP aised were the province of a federal ·ourt in California, and at this writing ·AP has readied its mandamus acion for filing in that state. ·imultaneously GAP has turned to Congress. Last June Massachusetts Congressman Edward Markey, chairnan of the Subcommittee on Energy Conservation and Power (and author ›f *Nuclear Peril*, which calls for the ·limination of nuclear energy), blasted the NRC in words that directly echoed Billie Garde's on "The Fire Unleashed." The NRC, admonished Markey, should "stop looking at the public as 'the enemy,' " and he demanded a written statement within 30 days explaining why hearings on the earthquake issue should not be held now. Through Congress it appeared GAP might well succeed in reopening the seismic issue after even the NRC had done with it.

There are in fact signs that GAP may be shifting its tactics to make the NRC its primary target. Both in its current effort to prevent restart of the undamaged TMI reactor and to block the licensing of Commonwealth Edison of Illinois's Braidwood plant, GAP has dispensed with worker allegations to focus instead on charges that the NRC has failed to follow its own rules. For the courts this might seem a more clear-cut issue than deciding disputed safety claims—and could be equally effective in stopping nuclear plants.

As one disgruntled official put it, the NRC's licensing process "in no way lends itself to the objective of licensing nuclear power plants. Rather it seems to be designed to offer opponents every opportunity to interfere with licensing."

GAP has been playing behind the scenes for quite a while. It began as IPS's Project on Official Illegality, which helped whistleblowers from national security agencies, like Daniel Ellsberg of Pentagon Papers fame (IPS had the Pentagon Papers a year before they were published by the *New York Times*), Victor Marchetti (of the CIA) and Robert Wall (of the FBI). The Project on Official Illegality served to assemble sensitive information and leak it to the press. In 1976 it was expanded beyond the national security and intelligence agencies to include other branches of government and renamed the Government Accountability Project. This gave it greater legitimacy. (Congress, with only ten dissenting votes, passed a whistleblower protection act partly based on model legislation drafted by GAP.) GAP now described itself as a "public interest group to help restore confidence in the federal system" and handed out brochures to government employees in colors of red, white, and blue, with an American flag on the cover, inviting them to contact GAP with stories of waste and abuse in their agencies.

When GAP turned its attention to nuclear power in 1980, it thus had experience in presenting a mask of "working to make the system function better." Those early red, white, and blue brochures had their counterpart in the appeals sent out by alleger Richard Parks on behalf of GAP to workers at the Callaway plant. (Parks's earlier allegations, focusing specially on a polar crane designed for use in removing the reactor vessel head at the damaged Three Mile Island plant, held up work there for a full year—the crane was ultimately used and worked fine.) Parks explained to workers that "we are the line of defense to protect the general population" and urged them to come to GAP with their "concerns," assuring them that "our intention is not to stop the nuclear plants."



In respect to energy, the goals of GAP can be inferred from the sketch of an ideal energy system that IPS provides in its proposal for an Encyclopedia for Social Reconstruction, a long-favored IPS project.

> The energy will be produced and disseminated through small scale technology. . . . We simply would have got rid of most of the extra high voltage wires strung around the country; closed up the coal mines, oil and gas fields; taken down oil refineries and much of the petrochemical establishment.

Nuclear energy, in other words, is only the initial target, selected because of the ease of arousing public fear, and the broader goal is to eliminate *all* centralized energy. This in turn is seen by IPS as fundamental to the total reshaping of society in accordance with the sixties movement philosophy it espouses. IPS leaders have called since 1971 for "dismantling" what they refer to as the "national-security state." IPS co-founder Marcus Raskin specifically called for the dismantling of America's "Colonies," including "the Violence Colony" (our military and police), "the Channeling Colony" (our educational system), and "the Plantation Colony" (our economic system). Cut energy and you cut the jugular of our way of life.

Given GAP's origin and goals, it is ironic that its funding comes from foundations representing some of the major beneficiaries of the economic system IPS seeks to "dismantle." Yet GAP's funders include one of the largest U.S. foundations, the J. Roderick MacArthur Foundation, as well as the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation (Mrs. Babcock was the daughter of R.J. Reynolds of tobacco fame), and a member of the Rockefeller family, whose identity is not revealed by GAP, which has disclosed only that it is a younger member of the family who earmarked a $20,000 contribution specifically for "nuclear investigations."

It is possible, although not likely, that simple stupidity is the explanation for these donations to GAP. But there is no question that much of GAP's money comes from foundations in no way averse to GAP's goals. For example, the Youth Project, which gave GAP $35,000 in 1984,[3] serves as a funnel to

[3] All the figures are for 1984, but normally the pattern of donations to IPS and its spinoffs is fairly stable from year to year.

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transfer money, much of it from corporate foundations (these, to be sure, in most cases have no conception of the nature of the Youth Project), to radical grass-roots groups. The Playboy Foundation, another donor, has liberally supported IPS, the more radical "peace" groups, and remarkably, women's liberation groups. Another donor is the Funding Exchange, which channels money from nine of the most radical funds in the United States, their money coming from young people whose wealth in turn derives from such fortunes as DuPont, Gulf and Western, IBM, Pillsbury, and General Motors. These funds are quite explicit about their goals. Haymarket People's Fund, one of the nine, announces in its annual report that the fund is "dedicated to eliminating rich people" and to remaking "a sexist and racist system that puts profits for a few people before the needs of the majority." There can also be little doubt that GAP can be straightforward in its dealings with the Fund for Constitutional Government (the single largest donor to GAP), which receives most of its funds from Stewart Mott, a perennial funder of radical causes whose wealth derives from his father's part in building General Motors.

Unfortunately, it looks as if the achievements of GAP and its sister anti-nuclear organizations—halting nuclear energy development and blowing billions of dollars of investment in abandoned plants—may be invisible to those who will pay the price. In February 1985 *Forbes* magazine, self-styled "capitalist tool," published a 17-page analysis of the decline and fall of nuclear energy by executive editor James Cook. His thesis is that nuclear energy had been destroyed not by its enemies but by its friends. Indeed neither the activities nor even the names of "the enemies" are mentioned in the article. One would never know there was such an organization as GAP or the Clamshell Alliance or Critical Mass or even the Union of Concerned Scientists. Cook divides the blame among the federal government and the NRC, equipment manufacturers, contractors and subcontractors, utility executives, and state regulatory commissions. Cook's analysis was then echoed by *National Review* several months later. If even conservative magazines dismiss the role of anti-nuclear activists as inconsequential, there is every prospect that GAP and the others will enjoy the ultimate triumph of seeing the blame for the consequences of their actions fall upon their victims.

Yet Cook's own analysis should have led him directly to the anti-nuclear intervenors. He zeroes in on cost overruns as the culprit, and points to the indifference of the NRC to the economic cost of the regulations it imposed. (Although Three Mile Island had a handful of causes, most of them to do with deficiencies in the control room, the NRC imposed 2,000 new regulations resulting in an additional 6,000 required steps to comply with the guidelines.) Cook notes that in some cases utilities had to tear apart nearly completed plants to conform to the changes. He blames contractors and subcontractors for failing "to question the cost-effectiveness of the NRC's dictates." Yet surely the NRC's behavior cannot be explained without reference to the vociferous demands of the anti-nuclear groups which have been so successful in intimidating it. The costly retrofits that in some instances may have actually *reduced* plant safety,[4] the often absurd paperwork demands, the delays to examine frivolous allegations were attempts to satisfy the anti-nuclear activists as they rode high in the wake of Three Mile Island. All this is not to say that there have not been management failures or a few companies that have managed to surmount all obstacles, like Duke Power, which Cook singles out as the best of the utilities. (Of course, this did not stop GAP from doing its best to prevent completion of Duke's Catawba plant.) But for the cause of the problems one must look to the intervenors, not management or the NRC, which have merely responded to their challenge in totally inadequate fashion.

At the end of his article, Cook obliquely gives the activists their due. Comparing the surge in nuclear plant construction abroad with the U.S. debacle, Cook notes that like the U.S. France has a two-stage regulatory process, but permits no public participation once the project gets underway. Canada goes France one better and permits no public participation at all. Cook writes that "prohibition may be half the battle. . . . In the end the problem may boil down simply to this: Can a technology as rigorous and demanding and for all that as useful as nuclear power find a place in a society as open as the U.S.?" Cook's contention about management failures in the U.S. is ultimately beside the point. Nuclear energy abroad has been successful because plants are built in half the time it takes in the United States. Much of the technology is U.S. technology; the plants built many years ago in the United States provide inexpensive and dependable energy. If GAP had been let loose while these were being built, who can doubt but that it would have found "allegers" and paperwork deficiencies with which to have demanded stop-work orders? It strains credulity to believe that all over the world, management has the secret of building U.S.-designed plants, while U.S. managers alone lack competence.

"Let's face it. We don't want safe plants—we want the ones being planned to be blocked and the ones operating to be shut down."

While the focus here has been on the Government Accountability Project, it is simply the most effective of the many groups who play similar games. For instance, the Center for Defense Information, an "expert" source for both the media and liberal congressmen, describes itself in a full page newspaper ad soliciting memberships and contributions as an organization that works to "support a strong, but not excessive, military posture." In fact it has opposed all major new weapons systems since its inception in 1972, releases data that obfuscate Soviet superiority in any weapons area, even conventional forces, and works to incite pacifist and neutralist sentiment in Europe. The Center for National Security Studies (which targets our intelligence agencies), the Center for International Policy (which targets our alliances), and the Center for Constitutional Rights are only a few of the most skillful game-players. The Center for Constitutional Rights recently conducted a series of "war crimes trials" of the United States in cities around the country and submitted to the United Nations an "indictment" charging the U.S. with "conspiracy" to unleash nuclear war "against the peoples of the world."

Despite such activities, these groups maintain their credibility with the media as "public interest" organizations. When, in 1985, the Institute for Policy Studies published a handbook disclosing nuclear weapons sites around the country (based, according to its authors, IPS fellows William Arkin and Richard Fieldhouse, on information obtained through the Freedom of Information Act and "leaks"), ABC's "20/20" did a respectful segment on the publication, with Arkin explaining the most "interesting" findings (e.g., the high number of sites in New York State). ABC did not question why IPS had put out such a publication—that IPS was dedicated to the public's "right to know" was simply assumed. Nor did the ABC interviewer inquire of Arkin as to the extent to which "leaks" had been used, whether the "leaks" had involved secret documents, and the propriety of publishing information thus obtained. It is true the IPS volume also contained information on Soviet nuclear sites. But there were only 11 pages on this subject in the appendix as against 82 pages on U.S. sites, and the material on the Soviet Union came from published Western sources, while much of the information on the U.S had not hitherto been published. Thanks to publicity such as that provided by "20/20," IPS could look forward to excellent sales of its book, being called upon by Congress as a source of expert advice, many more articles on the *New York Times* op-ed page, and continued foundation grants.

GAP stands out not because it alone has mastered this game, but because it can boast that rarely have so few wreaked so much damage upon so many. GAP's 1984 budget was a mere $180,000, its staff three poorly paid lawyers and a community organizer (a fifth staff worker was added in 1985). Yet merely investigating one relatively minor GAP charge at Consumers' Midland plant cost the NRC $800,000, and overall GAP has cost the nuclear industry (and ultimately the consumer) many billions of dollars. This does not include the much larger damage to the economy that will result from shortages of electricity in the years ahead. For the impact of intervenors has not been solely on nuclear plants. Utilities are reluctant to invest in building *any* new capacity: While it has been eight years since the last nuclear plant was ordered, in the last three years only one coal plant has been ordered. Yet demand for electricity has been growing steadily, and merely replacing existing aging plants makes new capital investment essential. Essential or not, Frederick Mielke, chairman of the board of Pacific Gas and Electric, remarked in February 1985: "No prudent investor will risk the capital needed to build coal or nuclear-fueled plants in California." By their actions, it is clear that utility executives around the country share his sentiments. □

[4] In March 1985 James R. Tourtellotte, appointed by the NRC to be chairman of its Regulatory Reform Task Force, delivered a devastating and, in view of his position as an NRC executive, distinctly courageous report. He concluded that the "backfitting" demands of the NRC, which have "cost consumers billions," inflicted "paralyzing delays into the administrative process," and "made nuclear plants more difficult to operate and maintain," may also in some cases "have reduced rather than enhanced public health and safety."

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Benjamin J. Stein

THE NEW WAR BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN

Today's battles would make Keats and Byron blush.

My old pal Michael Shamberg, who used to be a hippie and now makes money in the picture business, tells me that in information theory the greatest value attaches to that piece of information which is the newest. In that spirit, let me start right out by telling you that here in Los Angeles a war is raging: the war between men and women. This is not your old comedy saw, the drawing room battle of the sexes. This is a bitter war, with casualties, fighting in the trenches, and real pain.

Herewith, a few dispatches from the front:

Lunch with my former Valley Girl, Staci. Staci is twenty-two, six months out of college, down at the bars and clubs night after night in the front lines of combat. Staci looks like the young Sophia Loren, only better, with shag hair and braces-perfect teeth.

"This is what I like to do," she tells me over a chicken sandwich at the Hard Rock Cafe. "I go to a really hot club like Voila, where it's all Ferraris and Rolls-Royces out front. I go inside and just stand at the bar. If a guy buys me a few drinks, I'll listen to his lies for a while, and then he'll ask me where I live. So I say to him, 'Get to the bottom line.' And he always says to me, 'To make a long story short, how would you like to come home and have sex with me?'

"And I like to look him in the eye and say, 'To make a long story even shorter, are you really, really good in bed?' And usually the guy does a double take and says, 'Well, I'm pretty good.'

"And then I go, 'Well, sorry. That's not good enough,' and I walk away and talk to somebody else. You should see the looks on their faces. It's great."

"I have another thing I like to do," Lois says. She is Staci's roommate. She is a ravishingly beautiful black girl about six feet tall, with skin like the cocoa Mom used to make on snow days when I was home from school.

"Sometimes I go to a club like Sasch and I meet a good-looking guy and I talk to him for a while, and I let him take me home. Then, we're just about to go for it, and he's really ready, and I look at him, you know, and I go, 'Oh, sorry, I don't think this is gonna work out.'

"And the guy always goes, 'Why? What's the matter?'

"And I go, 'Well, I'm sorry, but I just checked out your size, and I don't really think it's worth my time.'

"The guys get so crazy, they usually just put on their clothes and walk out of the room and don't say a word," Lois says proudly. "It's great."

"You must be out of your mind," I answer. "That's unbelievably mean. Why don't you just stay home if you don't want to get picked up?"

"We do want to get picked up," Staci says. "But we want to get picked up so we can give some of the dirt back to them they've been giving us all our lives."

"That's the whole point of it," Lois chimes in. "We're not going to find anyone we really like anyway, so we might as well get some satisfaction out of it by making them feel terrible."

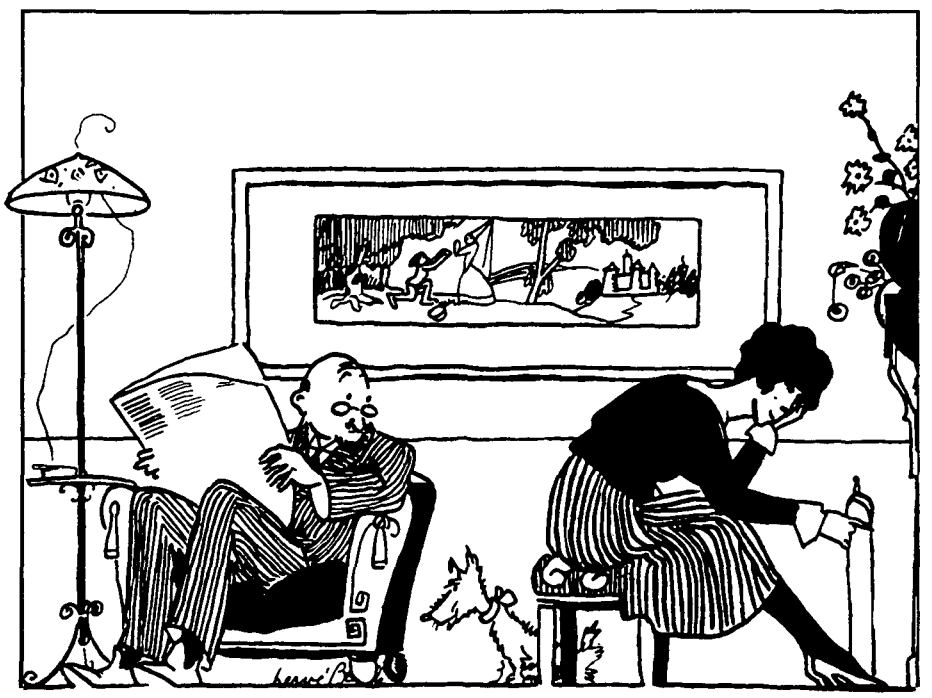
"I talk to rich women all day long," says my shrink pal, P. "They've all been married a few times. None of them can even feel whether it's day or night, except they know that they've been cheated by men some time in their lives, or at least they feel like maybe some time in some past life they have been.

"It doesn't matter if they live in Bel-Air and have two maids and play tennis all morning and shop all afternoon. They feel cheated. They feel angry.

"They want to hurt someone. Usually their husband is the closest man. So they stop having sex with him. Then they stop talking to him. Then they kick him out, and demand ten thousand a month in separate maintenance. The husband goes to a one-room apartment in the Marina, flat broke, and the wife has all the money and the balls wrapped up in her Gucci pocketbook.

"Then they come to me and they say they still feel cheated. They want a man who'll give to them. That's rich. They don't even know what giving is. The women of Los Angeles know taking, but not giving.

"People ask me all the time why there are so many homosexuals in Los Angeles, why there are a million of them cruising up and down Santa Monica Boulevard with their hands in each other's pockets. You know what I think? I think that if the men in Los Angeles ever realized that the idea of the nurturing woman is a complete myth in this town, they would all become homosexuals."



An executive at a major studio "in the Burbank area" is talking to me. "How come there are so many movies with hookers in them, and the hookers always turn out so well? How come the only nice women in movies like *Trading Places, Bachelor Party, Night Shift, Risky Business, Sessions,* or on TV cop shows are hookers? Why does Hollywood love hookers so much?

"I'll tell you why," he says without a moment's hesitation. "Have you seen the kind of women we have to deal with in Los Angeles? They're tough. They're mean. They want to know how much money you have, what kind of a car you drive, where you can get a good table, if you have a plane, all that kind of stuff before they even look at you.

"Have you ever seen the women we have to deal with in this business? You have to fight with them even about foreplay. Everything has to be negotiated, as if you were leasing a car. And then, first chance they get, they pick up on somebody who's got a better gig, richer overall deal, closer to true gross participation.

"On the other hand, you go over to a hooker's apartment. She's got a drink waiting for you. She's all made up and she smells of perfume. She does anything you tell her to do and doesn't talk back or ask you to do anything for her. All she asks for is a hundred or a hundred and fifty bucks, and that's like free. →

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer and producer in Hollywood.

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"You want to know why we make so many movies about hookers being nice? Because they *are* nice compared with the women here. They're the only women who aren't looking for someone to cut up."

"Where do I get new girls to work with me?" asks Stella Zena, my call girl friend on Queens Road in West Hollywood. "Why? You think I kidnap them from St. Agnes' School?"

"No, but I do wonder where you get them," I answer. "You can't just go to Kelly Girl."

"I get them at the Sports Connection on Santa Monica Boulevard, right near the Esprit store on La Cienega. I go there every day for class in aerobics and three times a week for jazz. I check out the girls with the really good figures, and then I notice if they have a nice car or an old car, only I don't really break my neck doing it, or I might just hear them on a break talking about how broke they are, and how they hate their roommates and wish they could move out and get their own place.

"And then, when I tell them what I do, and how I have all this money and three pieces of rental property, they're always interested. They never—absolutely never—are offended. And if they decide to try it, they always tell me that they're totally sick of going out with losers from acting class who take them home and ball them and make long distance calls on their phones.

"They're tired of men in Porsches picking them up and taking them out for one glass of wine, telling the girls how great they are, then expecting the girls to have sex with them, and then they never call again unless they're drunk. Really gorgeous girls, and they get totally screwed over. By the time they've been here for a year, they know that if they're going to get on their backs, they aren't gonna get anything out of it unless it's strictly business."

"Great," I say. "A wonderful way to live."

"Hey," Stella Zena says, "I didn't make the rules. The guys riding around in 308's with telephones are the ones who send me my girls. The guy who's putting together warehouse deals in Camarillo and picking up the new girl from Kansas and making her wish she were dead. They're the ones who keep the girls coming. You want to change it, you talk to them."

A dazzling, sunshiny day in front of the executive commissary at Paramount. The grass is green and there are neat paths because that's how Michael Eisner wanted it before he left to become Chairman of Disney: to look like a university campus.

Now I have just had lunch with the woman head of an indie prod company, and I have just run into my pal Murray, who also has a rich indie prod deal on the lot.

"This is how it is at home," Murray says. "I get home after I've been getting my brains kicked in all day, and ten different people have called me up and told me they're going to kill me if the production budget goes up by another dime, and I'm getting calls from the Unit Production Manager in Ohio telling me he needs to pay another million money and talking on the phone, while the UPM in Dayton is telling me I'll have overbudget penalties bigger than my gross income last year. Meanwhile, her friend Rochelle is divorcing her fourth husband, who never did anything but give her a new Mercedes convertible every year while she played tennis."

Henry Winkler walks by and greets us effusively, and then Thom Mount and Dawn Steele give us a wink.

"I get back at her though," Murray says. "I haven't slept with her for two months. I know she's dying, and I am too. But this is the only way I can get back at her for never being there when I need her. I'm going to see how many years I can go without sleeping with her, until she begs me. She's too busy to listen to my problems? Fine. I'm too busy to screw her."

"I think that if the men in Los Angeles ever realized that the idea of the nurturing woman is a complete myth in this town, they would all become homosexuals."

to use a factory, and I walk in the door at eleven at night so worried I can't see straight.

"And Sarah, my wife, is in bed reading *Architectural Digest*, and making notes on a little piece of Tiffany note paper about what she's going to buy in the way of antique wood paneling for our breakfast room, at two hundred dollars per square foot.

"So I tell her I have just been crucified at work, and she tells me she doesn't have time to hear about it. 'You think you had a bad day,' she says. 'The carpenter didn't show up until noon. Roche-Bobois says they're completely out of the table and chairs I ordered for the pool. I had to spend an hour on the phone with Jason's school psychiatrist because he's not reacting well to the plan for the semester in London, and Rochelle is getting divorced, and I had to spend an hour on the phone with her telling her how lucky she was to get rid of that creep Larry.'

"In other words," says Murray, "she's had a full day spending my

Dinner at Morton's. Susannah and I are sitting at a little deuce right next to the front door, eating pasta. Susannah has an eerie gleam in her eye. She's a woman lawyer in the business, and a powerful figure in wheels and deals in the TV side. She is thirty and attractive and lives alone.

"Look around this room," she says. "Two agents from ICM at that table over near the bar. I slept with both of them. That producer from Warner over at the table near the window. Him, too. See that guy who's waiting at the door, near the grille? I did him when he first moved to town. I'm going to make a list to see if there's anyone in this room besides you I haven't had."

"You might have had me and forgotten."

"No, I never forget," Susannah says. "The whole point is that I remember. Because I'm doing to them exactly what they do to me. To them, a woman is just a number, just a breathing love doll. They really get off if they can have sex with a different one every night. They especially like it if they both have had the same woman. It takes away all our humanity, and they love that.

"So, what I do, is that I act just like I'm a man. I treat them like numbers. I tell them I screwed their best friends. I tell them I'd like to take on three of them at once. It makes them crazy. I treat them just as much as if they were machines as they treat me. I especially love to take them home, then kick them out in the middle of the night, and then never return their calls.

"That's why I have to remember everything," Susannah says. "I have to be able to tell a guy at William Morris that I did his best friend right after we've been in bed, just so he knows he's just a guy waiting at the delicatessen counter. Just like they make me feel."

"If it's that terrible here," I ask, "why don't you leave town and move somewhere quiet where you can find a nice husband and settle down?"

"Are you kidding?" Susannah stares. "This is my home. This is the only place I feel comfortable."

"I hope you won't mind if I go home now and kill myself."

Susannah reels pasta onto her fork and smiles. "I don't mind."

"This is the way I work it," says Bobby Boxer, a packager of TV shows at a studio near the Ventura Freeway. He is a handsome fellow from an Ivy League background in the east who has somehow wound up in Los Angeles. "I set myself a goal each year. Like for 1985, I decided I would have sex with a different girl at least, on the average, every five days. That works out to about seventy-three girls."

"Are you on schedule?" I asked as we sat at a window table at Spago. Nearby, Linda Evans and Joan Collins were at competing round tables, flanked by their new best friends—Swifty Lazar for Joan and an unknown woman for Linda.

"So far, so good," Bobby said. "I'm in August, and I've got forty-two notches on my belt for the year, so I'm okay."

"That doesn't give you much time to get to know each girl, does it?" I asked.

"Plenty," he said. "Besides, when you say 'girl,' it sounds like you're talking about Shirley Temple or your sister. The women here in L.A. aren't 'girls.' That's too good for them. The women in L.A. aren't 'girlish.' They aren't sweet or giggly or light. A woman in Los Angeles is a c - - - attached to a calculator."

"Great," I said. "A wonderful way to go through life."

"So, on the first date, I take a 'girl' out, to use your word, and I don't even touch her. Then on the second date, I get her drunk, and I tell her I really like her, but unfortunately, I am incredibly busy at work and I really don't have time to get to know her as well as I'd like to before we go to bed. So I tell her that I'll get to know her *after* we go to bed, if she'll just trust me and go to bed with me first."

"Does it work?" I asked while I stared at my duck sausage pizza.

"It works about half the time," he said. "That's pretty good."

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"Extremely good. What about the third date?"

"Ben, you fool, there are no third dates," Bobby Boxer said and smiled.

Where does this mania come from? Where does the notion come from that men and women are supposed only to take from each other? What happened to the simple idea of getting to know a man or woman, learning about him or her, and then, little by little, sharing life until true feeling and trust develop?

I asked those questions of Traci, a recent USC grad with a figure like Hugh Hefner's dreams before he had his stroke. "What do you mean?" she said. "I don't understand."

"Well, let me put it on a more down to earth level," I said. "Why don't you try not sleeping with a guy until you know him and know if you really like him and if he respects you?"

"Ben," Traci said with a mixture of sorrow and pity, "that world doesn't exist any longer. That's just not real. If you don't sleep with a guy after two dates, he won't ever call you again."

"But they usually don't call you again anyway," I answered. We were at the Hard Rock, watching Ton Sur Ton meet 501.

"I know," Traci said, "and it really makes me hate 'em."

There is something about the momentum of modern life that forces women to make themselves sexually vulnerable to men and then to hate the men for it. Perhaps it is the role models of sexually available young women in movies. Perhaps it is a vague residue of the women's rights movement.

There is another thing about the momentum of America today which makes men feel like victimizing women, and also makes them feel victimized. Perhaps it has to do with a national philosophy or the irresponsible taking of pleasure. Maybe it touches upon the frantic pace of life in get-rich-quick America. Maybe it has to do with the atomic bomb or with contraceptives or with no-fault divorce or mass prosperity.

But whatever the cause, the concept has taken root that every man has the right to do whatever he can get away with towards women and they shouldn't hassle him over it.

By the same evil token, the idea has spread that women are owed an unpayably huge debt by men in general. Any means is allowed in collecting that debt, and the woman who collects the most the fastest is queen for a day.

As those ideas spread, by a kind of wicked Gresham's Law of psychology, a simple idea was crowded out. That idea, which you can still see quaintly on display in a few houses outside the fast lane, is that men and women must spend time with each other's problems, that helping and giving are valuable in and of themselves, that taking is not enough, that time spent getting to know a man or a woman is time well spent, that what matters is not how many but how. In today's America, there is only time to take, and to get taken, and that is not time enough. □

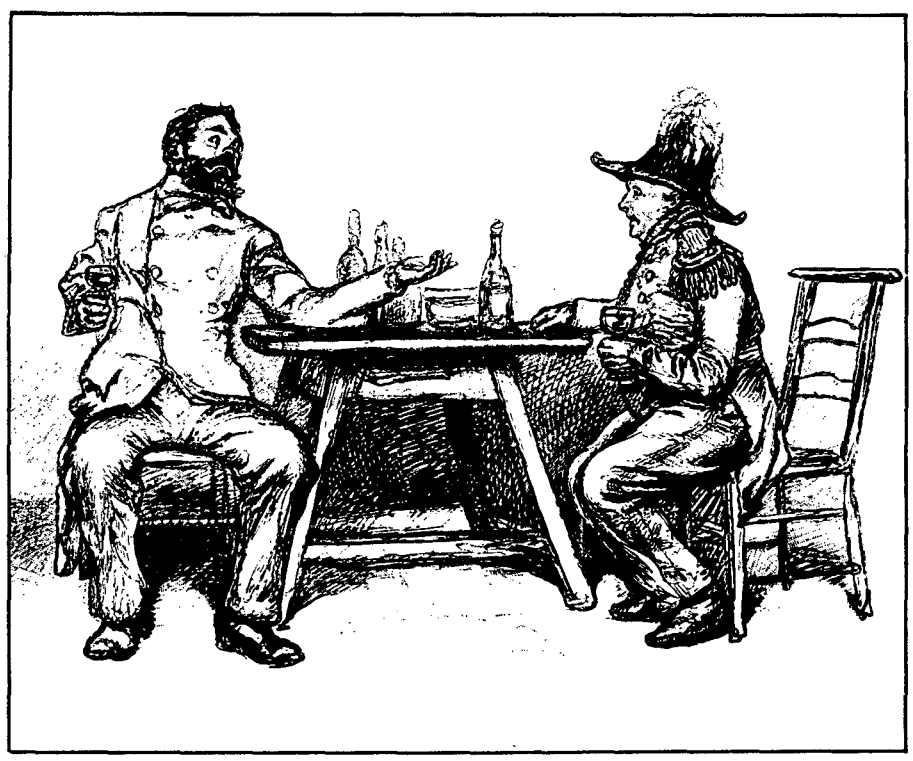
Joshua Muravchik

EXPORTING DEMOCRACY: A PROGRESS REPORT

From the pampas to Peking, a new kind of quiet diplomacy is at work.

Democracy is more than a system of government. It is a way of life . . . [faces of many people appear on the screen superimposed on a map of Argentina] . . . which permits us to live in freedom, to express ourselves without prior censorship, to profess our religious faiths, to choose those who govern us, but it requires our participation, whether we are in the majority or the minority. We participate through appropriate institutions: schools, hospitals, financial institutions, trade unions, political parties. Democracy is more than a system of government. It is a way of life. And you are the protagonist.
—From a public service announcement on Argentine television sponsored by Conciencia, an Argentine women's organization.

A year ago the United States began trying to export democracy. For this purpose, the Congress created the National Endowment for Democracy. The NED was an initiative of the Reagan Administration's, but it is a kind of hybrid, with roots both in Ronald Reagan's quest for ideological rearmament and in Jimmy Carter's human rights policy. Its creation was emblematic of the American people's renewed confidence that their country can and should be a force for good in the world. But in this case, as often, wanting to do good is much easier than knowing how to do it. In less than a year of operation, the NED has begun to support some eminently worthy causes, and has made a start at wrestling with the daunting and neglected question of just how the United States can effectively aid others in securing the blessings of liberty. It has also aroused a curious collection of critics on both the left and right.



There is no doubt that the United States has the capability to spread democracy, at least by some methods. Japan and Germany never succeeded in establishing democracies until occupied by U.S. forces; both have enjoyed enduring democracy ever since. Even so questionable an exercise of American power as the 1965 invasion of the Dominican Republic resulted in lasting democratic rule (preserved in 1978 by stern diplomatic warnings from the Carter Administration to Dominican officers on the verge of aborting an election which transferred power to the democratic left). More recently in Grenada, the U.S. military showed its continuing efficacy as an instrument of democracy. But in each of these cases, the democratic result was not in itself the principal motive for the military action, and a dedicated U.S. policy of

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Joshua Muravchik's new book, The Uncertain Crusade: Jimmy Carter and The Dilemmas of Human Rights Policy, *will be published by Hamilton Press in November.*

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spreading freedom by the sword is neither possible nor desirable.

Another method of spreading democracy that has had some success in the past is covert action. In the early postwar years U.S. intelligence agencies had a constructive hand in rebuilding the democratic institutions that stymied Stalin's efforts to add Mediterranean Europe to his empire. But even if covert action has sometimes served democratic ends well, the deception inherent in it is corrosive of the goal. And the CIA revelations of the 1960s and 1970s have robbed this kind of activity of much of its effectiveness.

The Endowment's goal is to discover or develop peaceful, overt ways to spur the growth of democracy everywhere it can. Some of the complexities of this task are illustrated by the very way in which the Endowment was set up. Although funded by the U.S. government, it is a privately incorporated organization responsible to its own board of directors, a carefully balanced mixture of Democrats, Republicans, labor leaders, businessmen, academics, and foreign affairs specialists. Some congressmen object to the creation of a private organization to spend public funds, but this arrangement enables the NED to assist deserving foreign democrats who could not accept direct support from the U.S. government. It was precisely this problem that led the U.S. government, in an earlier time, to give aid covertly.

A further step separating NED's beneficiaries from the U.S. government results from NED's conviction that the best way to encourage pluralism is to enable private American groups to assist similar groups abroad. The Endowment, therefore, does not ordinarily give grants directly to foreign groups, but to American ones for support of particular overseas programs or for transfer to their foreign counterparts. The model for much of this activity is the assistance which for years has been given by institutes affiliated with the AFL-CIO to fledgling labor unions in the Third World, and the biggest share of NED's budget has been earmarked by Congress for an expansion of labor's programs. A smaller, but growing, imitative program sponsored by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and aiming to encourage civic action by Third World businessmen's groups is NED's second largest program.

Institutes affiliated with each of the two major political parties have been created, inspired by the four *Stiftungen*, or foundations, associated with West Germany's political parties. But Congress last year barred any NED funds from going to these institutes during fiscal year 1985. Apparently, the congressmen were more familiar with the junketeering proclivities of American political professionals than with the highly regarded work done by the *Stiftungen* in the Third World and Iberia, and feared that the Republican and Democratic International Institutes would be used as little more than slush funds by the Democratic and Republican National Committees. The two party institutes have survived, however, albeit with programs scaled back considerably from original plans.

Congress is also concerned about allowing NED to become too "political." Aiding the development of democracy is of course profoundly "political," and NED's President, Carl Gershman, argues cogently that strengthening political parties is critical to strengthening democracy, but anything that smacks of direct intervention in a foreign election raises hackles in Congress. Last year, when NED funds given to the American Institute for Free Labor Development were passed on to Panamanian labor groups which used them for partisan activity in Panama's presidential election, the House was so distressed that it voted to kill NED entirely. The Endowment was saved by the Senate, and it subsequently adopted guidelines designed to sharpen the fine line separating partisan electoral activity—which is forbidden—from other political institution-building.

A good example of how such lines are drawn in practice was seen during last years's elections in Grenada. Some observers feared that cynicism among Grenadan voters, born of experiencing the consecutive betrayals of democratic promises by former strongman Eric Gairy and then by the New Jewel Movement, would discourage voter participation, and that this might have the ironic result of strengthening Gairy and the NJM, both of whom were running with the support of small but dedicated coteries. Two NED affiliates, the Republican Institute for International Affairs and the Free Trade Union Institute, organized programs in Grenada aimed at getting out the vote. They distributed T-shirts, bumper stickers, and ball-point pens and provided free transportation to the polls. All of the activity was strictly nonpartisan, but the large turnout by Grenada's "silent majority" probably contributed to the sweeping victory of the democratic center, an outcome not at all unpleasing to the NED affiliates.

Although NED's ultimate goal—democracy—is the same for all countries, the wide variations in the status of democratic forces in different countries leads it to support widely diverse programs.

The most hopeful situations are those, like many in Latin America, where democratic institutions are now in place but not well established. NED's goal there is to help nourish and deepen democratic roots. In Argentina, for example, Conciencia, a women's civic group founded during the Falklands war, is working to draw traditionally politically passive Argentine women into the political process and to cultivate their attachment to democracy. Conciencia sponsors public service ads about democracy on Argentine television, conducts forums for citizen debate over public issues, and runs a pyramiding scheme of coffee klatches in which Argentine women talk to each other about the virtues and methods of democracy. These tupperware-type parties may seem a rather hokey means of spreading the democratic creed, but they are not much more so than the activities which have long been used by Communists in many countries to develop cadres dedicated to the destruction of democracy.

Through the Overseas Education Fund (OEF), an internationally oriented spin-off of the League of Women Voters, NED is underwriting Conciencia's drive to expand from nine to thirty chapters. The Endowment is also supporting an attempt by the OEF, with Conciencia's assistance, to set up a similar organization in neighboring Uruguay which has also returned only recently to elected rule.

In Colombia, NED funds are sponsoring a research program by two national labor federations into the voting records of elected officials, a kind of local version of AFL-CIO COPE's legislative scorecard. In Guatemala, which is in transition to elected government, NED affiliates have sponsored the country's first national, issue-related public opinion polls. With any luck, these polls may enable Guatemalan office-seekers to pander to the twisting trends of public opinion as shamelessly as American pols do.

In Nicaragua, NED funds are helping the civic opposition to survive despite the Sandinistas' claim that it is historically doomed, a prophecy that they have been trying in myriad ways to make come true. When the government used its control of foreign currency to prevent the independent newspaper, *La Prensa*, from importing critical printing supplies (the Sandinista newspaper received its supplies as "donations" from East Germany), a NED grant helped *La Prensa* to keep publishing. Other grants are going to support the work of the Permanent Commission on Human Rights and the newly formed Nicaraguan Center for Democratic Studies which will sponsor research, publication, and training for the groups that make up the democratic *Coordinadora* (the alliance of democratic political parties, business and professional associations, and unions that sought in vain to run Arturo Cruz for the presidency last year).

The tragedy of Nicaragua, where a leftist dictatorship verges on consolidating its rule after decades of rightist dictatorship, is an all too familiar story. Rightist dictators repress the opposition that they naturally provoke from both democrats and Communists. But the Communists, with their conspiratorial, top-down methods, are far better equipped to survive clandestinely than are the democrats. When popular discontent sooner or later undermines the regime, the democratic center is too weak to offer an effective alternative. In two countries likely to serve as the next scenes for the reenactment of this sad drama—Chile and the Philippines—NED is working to strengthen democratic labor federations. In Chile, NED is also underwriting an International Symposium on Problems of Contemporary Democracy which will bring together Chilean intellectuals

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with experts from Venezuela, Spain, Argentina, and other countries that have undergone the transition from rightist authoritarian rule to democracy.

Ironically, although Ronald Reagan's people often criticized President Carter's human rights program for focusing so strongly on right-wing regimes, NED too is finding that it is much easier to work in rightist than leftist countries. NED President Carl Gershman notes that even in Chile under General Pinochet, probably South America's harshest right-wing dictatorship, NED is able to find democratic-minded political, labor, business, church, and intellectual leaders with whom to work. These opposition leaders are harassed by the regime, but they still exist, and NED hopes that by strengthening them it can help to hasten the conclusion of Chile's painful authoritarian interlude and to ensure that the Communists will not be its heirs.

In Communist Cuba, by contrast, there is no one with whom NED can work. Opposition exists only clandestinely. Known oppositionists are either in jail or exile. In a closed society such as this, NED can do little more than, as it says, to help "keep alive the flame of freedom." Thus NED is supporting the efforts of Armando Valladares, the poet now living in Europe after surviving two decades in Castro's prisons, to establish a string of committees in European countries that will disseminate information about Cuban human rights abuses and pressure the Cuban government to attenuate the more egregious ones.

But not all Communist countries are as "closed" as Cuba, and sometimes it is possible to find mechanisms to advance the cause of democratization. In Poland, the outlawed Solidarity union survives, and NED is helping to keep it alive. NED funds have purchased food, clothing, and medicine for the families of Solidarity activists who have lost their jobs or are in jail, and have boosted the work of the Polish Legal Defense Fund, a coalition inside Poland that works to defend and succor political prisoners. And, with NED's support, the New York-based Committee in Support of Solidarity is preparing translations of a volume of Solidarity documents into Czech, Hungarian, Russian, and Ukrainian, for circulation in those countries.

The Endowment is also underwriting a new magazine, the *Chinese Intellectual*, edited by Liang Heng, author of the widely acclaimed book, *Son of the Revolution*. The magazine's target audience is the 10,000 scholars and students from the People's Republic of China who are studying in the West, most of whom will return home to influential positions.

To Liang's own surprise he has secured permission from the Chinese government to send copies into China. It seems that the reform group among China's rulers may welcome circulation of the magazine as a measure of liberalization, even though it contains material that still could not conceivably be published within the PRC. The magazine began by sending 500 copies and has increased the number, now aiming to send a total of 10,000.

By treading delicately, Liang Heng hopes his magazine can remain on the near side of official tolerance while offering criticism of Marxism-Leninism and Maoism and promoting discussion "of the importance of democracy and the rule of law." One issue did not reach its PRC addressees, apparently for having overstepped some undefined border, but the others have gotten through despite containing material unfamiliar to PRC audiences: articles by such anti-Communist American intellectuals as Sidney Hook, Seymour Martin Lipset, and Irving Louis Horowitz; columns about the rule of law or the role of the media in the U.S.; modernistic Chinese poems; and wide-ranging discussions of philosophy and literature.

Earlier this year, Liang was allowed a two-month visit to China where he was able to secure lists of intellectuals to be added as subscribers, to lay the groundwork for having some of his articles reprinted in officially accepted Chinese magazines, and even to hire the editor of one of these as the official Peking representative of the *Chinese Intellectual*.

Although most of NED's activities are less than a year old, a small-scale campaign has begun against NED in the Soviet media. The fortnightly journal, *Soviet Trade Unions*, recently ran a lengthy satire about the activities of the AFL-CIO and NED, needless to say with the CIA mixed in. A similar polemic ran in a journal of the Ukrainian writers' union. These satires have all the humorous sparkle of a Chernenko report to the Supreme Soviet, but, notably, they also contain accurate figures for recent funding requests and authorizations for NED, suggesting that the Endowment is being watched with some care. When a House appropriations subcommittee met for the routine task of marking up the bill providing funds for NED for fiscal year 1986, no American news reporters were present, but the session was covered by a correspondent from TASS.

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The Soviet canard about the CIA was soon echoed by the Washington-based Council on Hemispheric Affairs (COHA), a lobbying group supportive of Nicaragua's Sandinista rulers. COHA lashed out in particular against aid given by the Free Trade Union Institute to one of the two independent trade union federations in Nicaragua still competing with the officially sponsored, Soviet-style Sandinista labor federation. The Sandinista federation's officers are openly appointed by the government and they proclaim that their federation "makes its central concern such questions as labor discipline [and] fulfillment of production goals." In its broadside, COHA condemned Nicaragua's struggling independent unions for standing "outside the mainstream coalition of unions," COHA's phrase for the Sandinista federation.

The attack was then picked up in a "dear colleague" letter circulated by Representative John Conyers, a congressional stalwart of causes of the anti-democratic left, and by columnist Jack Anderson, who condemned NED for supporting "right-wing political parties" in Nicaragua and elsewhere.

Opposition to NED has not come exclusively from the left. Representative Hank Brown, a conservative Republican from Colorado, and columnist James J. Kilpatrick have also gone after it. Brown objects to the fact that as an independent organization, NED is not subject to all of the controls that apply to government agencies. He argues that NED is doing nothing useful that is beyond the powers of existing arms of the U.S. government. To Kilpatrick, any financing of international travel and meetings in a time of budget deficits smacks of "boondoggle" (although only a small fraction of NED's budget is spent on such things).

The Soviets apparently see something in NED that Brown and Kilpatrick don't see. For decades the Soviets have worked to promote Communism around the world unchallenged by any countervailing systematic effort on our part to promote democracy (except at times through covert action). They obviously do not welcome the competition.

NED will need time, and it will have to learn through trial-and-error which democracy-building programs are most effective. It will have to tread carefully to avoid intruding in a partisan way into foreign elections. But the effort is a necessary one. Most of the programs supported by NED could not be underwritten directly by the U.S. government without compromising them.

America embodies not just territory and population but also an idea, and defense of America requires not just guns, but also political work in defense of that idea. The creation of NED is one more step in America's recovery of national will. To the extent that the Endowment succeeds in its mission, it will bring benefits to others and strengthen our own security as well. □

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THE PUBLIC POLICY

TRICK OR TREATY

by Jim Courter

Last June, when faced with the question of what to do about Soviet violations of the SALT II treaty, the Administration decided not to decide. Instead, the President will await a November 15 Pentagon report outlining options for a policy that responds to violations of SALT II and other agreements. In the meantime, we continue privately to press for correction of Soviet violations, as we have been doing for years. We even tried in 1983 to convene a special session of a U.S.-Soviet commission to resolve a growing list of Soviet violations, but the Soviets refused to attend.

This policy is in character for an Administration that campaigned in 1980 against a "fatally flawed" SALT II treaty but decided to adhere to it in 1981, and has done so ever since. We should hope for a less ambiguous policy when we decide on the future of the ABM Treaty of 1972.

Unlike SALT II, the ABM treaty was ratified, so it is actually U.S. law. Like SALT II, it has been violated by the Soviets, and it will put the brakes on U.S. military programs needed to meet a growing Soviet threat. But in this case, it is the Strategic Defense Initiative's defensive systems, not offensive weapons, that will be blocked by the treaty.

The ABM treaty is designed to prevent development of territorial defenses against nuclear missiles. It allows each side to defend one site only, with ground radars and 100 or fewer surface-to-air missiles. The Soviets defend the Moscow area with such a system—the world's only operational ABM system—while the U.S. decided in 1976 to stop operating the ABM system we had defending a missile field in North Dakota.

The treaty will stop SDI, which aims to develop defenses for our population, allies, and military forces, dead in its tracks. It will do this at the end of the decade when we are ready to cross the threshold from experimental research of technical concepts to testing of actual components of a system to stop nuclear missiles in flight. This will leave us with three choices: modify the treaty, abrogate it, or abandon SDI.

The best choice would be to modify the treaty. At Geneva or at the 1987 five-year review of the ABM treaty, we should press the Soviets for treaty revisions to permit phased deployments of defenses, starting with near-term defenses of retaliatory forces such as missile fields, air and submarine bases, and strategic command centers. Protection of these assets would add a great deal to deterrence and stability by raising the cost and undermining the military rationale of a Soviet first-strike surprise attack against the U.S. or our allies. Area defenses to protect population could be deployed once they are developed.

The Soviets are likely to reject this idea, especially in this stage of the Geneva talks, where they have been attempting to press the Administration, through the allies and Congress, to stop SDI. Besides, having developed and deployed ABM missiles and radars, and having undertaken an SDI-like program of advanced technical research, the Soviets will prefer to continue their efforts while keeping ours under ABM treaty restraints. Extensive Soviet missile defense efforts have been well documented: The President told Congress on February 1 that "the aggregate of the Soviet Union's ABM and ABM-related actions suggest that the USSR may be preparing an ABM defense of its national territory." He reported in unequivocal terms that the Krasnoyarsk radar is a treaty violation—a conclusion that is now shared even by leading critics of the Administration—and he outlined two other areas of potential Soviet ABM violations.

These violations, taken together with the long list of Soviet violations of arms control agreements, give us ample reason to abrogate the ABM treaty. But even if the Soviet compliance record were perfect, the treaty would still merit revision or abrogation. Simply put, it has failed to fulfill any of the strategic purposes it was designed to serve when it was approved with the SALT I agreement by the Senate in 1972.

The Nixon Administration had three main selling points for the treaty when it was brought to the Senate. First, it was to serve strategic stability since both sides would refrain from building defenses and remain vulnerable to nuclear attack. Second, it was to give both sides reason to stop the offensive arms race, since the forces they had on hand would be sufficient for deterrence in an environment of mutual vulnerability. Third, the treaty was viewed as an integral part of détente, in which U.S.-Soviet tensions were to be managed, our interests would converge, and Soviet global ambitions would be tempered in a new cooperative relationship. As Henry Kissinger put it at that time, Soviet arms control cooperation would not have come about "unless it had been part of a larger decision to place relations on a new foundation of restraint, cooperation and steadily evolving confidence."

The Senate accepted this rationale in 1972, believing that the Soviets shared our hopeful view of the benefits of banning defensive systems. But we were wrong on all three counts. The failure of détente as a means of stopping Soviet expansion is a matter of historical fact, and the record shows that the Soviets did not share the ABM treaty's strategic assumptions.

Had the Soviets accepted the logic of the ABM treaty, they would have had to abandon the major tenets of their strategic thinking, which favored strong offensive forces coupled with strategic defenses in a war-fighting, war-winning strategy. The doctrine was there for all to see. In May 1972 the Soviet journal *Kommunist* stated that Soviet policy "is directed toward creating and maintaining military superiority." Also in 1972, a Soviet text proclaimed: "It is disorienting to think that there can be no winners in a nuclear war." Soviet doctrines of active and passive defense, through disarming first strikes and homeland defense measures, were also abundant in their military literature, substantiating the firm Soviet belief in the survivability of a nuclear war.

The Soviets lagged behind the U.S. in ABM capability in 1972, but not

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because they didn't want or believe in ABM systems. Rather, they lacked the necessary technology, especially in radar and computers. As late as 1967, Alexei Kosygin had given a ringing endorsement to the concept: "Defensive systems, which prevent attack, are not the cause of the arms race," he said, "but constitute a factor preventing the death of people. Maybe an antimissile system is more expensive than an offensive system, but it is designed not to kill but to preserve human lives." Actual Soviet behavior since 1972 showed that the Soviets never abandoned these doctrines, and the buildup in offensive and defensive arms proceeded apace.

When the ABM treaty was signed, the Soviets were outspending the U.S. in strategic defense by a factor of five. By 1980, their effort was twenty-five times the size of ours, in large part because our own effort had been severely reduced. Today's Soviet defensive programs include air defense, ABM radars and interceptor missiles, and advanced research on laser, particle beam, and directed energy weapons. To those who have been briefed on the full range of the Soviets' current ABM activities, the President's report that they "may be" pursuing territorial defense is quite an understatement.

Predictions of Soviet restraint in offensive weapons fared no better. Rather than slowing these deployments in response to the ABM ban, the Soviets deployed three new multiple warhead missiles, two new submarine-launched missile systems, and the Backfire bomber between 1972 and the signing of the SALT II treaty in 1979. During this period, the U.S. made no similar deployments, canceled the B-1 bomber, and took the ABM system at Grand Forks, North Dakota out of operation.

What should be done? We are saddled by a treaty that was based on questionable assumptions in 1972, and has been undermined by Soviet actions ever since. Today, our choice is not whether to preserve the ABM treaty, but whether to comply with its terms while the Soviets violate them. We can join the Soviets in the pursuit of defensive systems or hold to our policy of deliberate vulnerability while the Soviets move ever closer to an effective defense against nuclear missiles.

Some Administration officials have hinted that continued U.S. adherence to the ABM treaty is an open question. And indeed it should be. Even Henry Kissinger, architect of the ABM/SALT I package, now says that the treaty has been overtaken by new technology, new strategic realities, and the Soviet buildup, and counsels against "the perpetuation of total vulnerability." The treaty stands in the way of SDI, which offers a more effective means of providing American security—one that need not depend on Soviet good faith. But any assault on the treaty, which is held sacrosanct by the arms control establishment, will draw heavy political opposition both here and abroad. A new pressure group, the National Campaign to Save the ABM Treaty, has already been formed to lead the charge.

To modify or abrogate the ABM treaty will cost the President some political capital, but it will be well spent. The facts are that the arms control treaties of the 1970s have not worked, and our land-based missiles are less secure today than they were before the SALT process began. A presidential announcement to this effect might not be received happily, but it is a truth that must be told, and it is a truth without which it will be increasingly difficult to maintain public support for SDI. The American people should also be told that their government is determined to press ahead into a new era of nuclear stability, in which we no longer let deterrence rest on the dubious idea that it is safe to be vulnerable, but somehow dangerous to be defended. □

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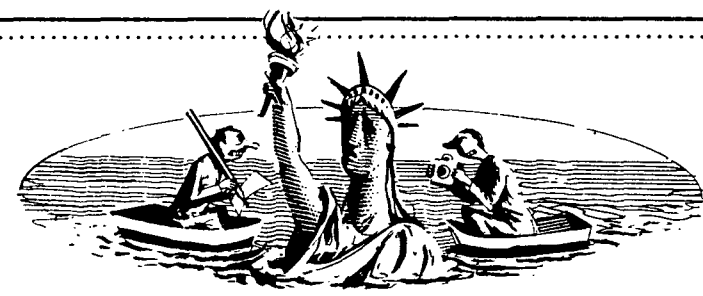


A SAFE CRUSADE

by Dinesh D'Souza

According to what criteria do progressive passions surge? Today South Africa is the *cause célèbre* with the national media, just as yesterday it was nuclear power, the imperiled ozone layer, and those damn snail darters. Tomorrow it will probably be homophobia in Brazil, or alcoholism among American Indians. These media flare-ups are demonstrably unrelated to events—indeed the evidence in the Third World is that Western press coverage shapes what goes on more than the other way round.

A hint of this came in the lead story of the September 5 *Washington Post* where it was revealed that "dozens of mixed-race students were set upon by police after they started singing 'We Are the World' outside an entrance to Cape Town's newest shopping mall." Now anyone with an ear for music will realize the perfect justice of this reaction by the authorities. But the comic irony of African discontented adopting the jingle of a Philadelphia rock concert should not be missed. Reportedly Pinochet's opponents have taken up Bob Dylan, and the guerrillas in the Philippines are rehearsing some of Prince's latest stuff.

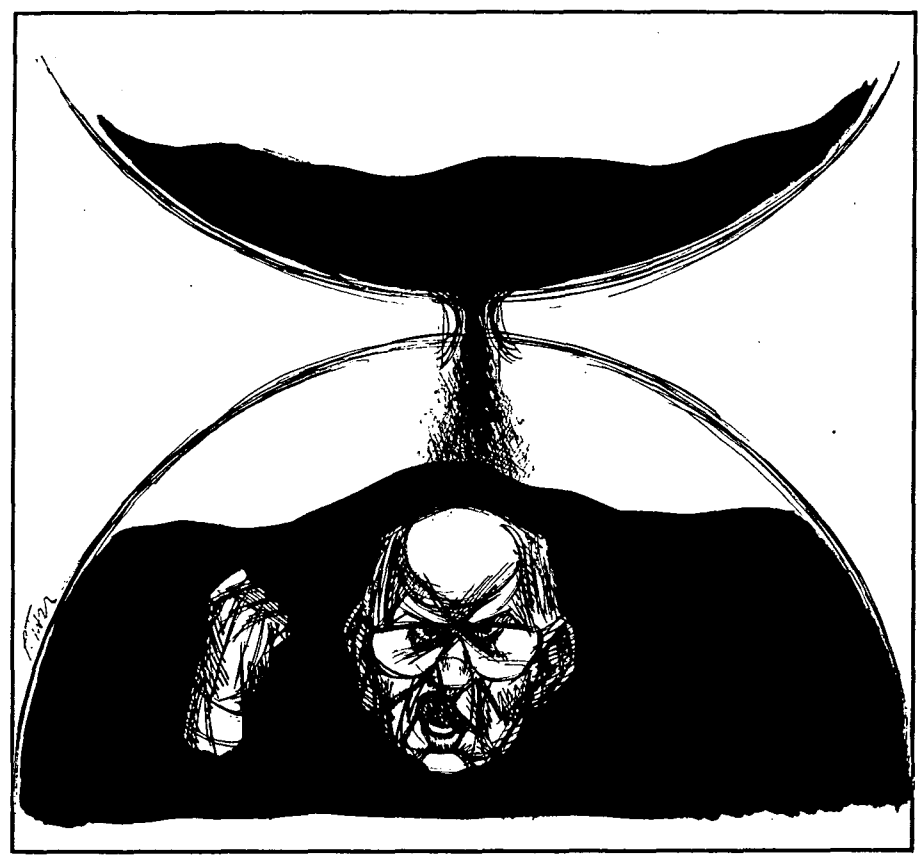
Until South Africa came along, the U.S. media was cowed and sullen. The best it could come up with was that we live in an age of solipsism and self-aggrandizement, an accusation whose credibility is a bit singed when it is leveled by Talking Hairdos on the TV networks who, everyone knows, would massacre their families for a point in the Nielsen ratings. But even talk about the dearth of Yuppie altruism was not indignant, only sneering. Now indignation and self-righteousness are back in full opulence. The press is doing a collective rain dance, utterly uninhibited by the perplexed expression on the faces of most Americans. The question I am asking myself as I witness the frenzy is: Why South Africa?

The answer is hardly obvious. In the fall issue of *Policy Review* my colleague Adam Wolfson documents "what governments do to blacks in the rest of Africa." That continent is really a hellhole, it turns out. As in South Africa, blacks are denied the vote in Angola, Benin, Burundi, Cameroon, Cape Verde, Central African Republic, Chad, Congo, Ethiopia, Gabon, Ghana, Kenya, Liberia, Malawi, Mauritania, Mozambique, Nigeria, Seychelles, Somalia, Namibia—the list goes on.

South Africa practices forced expulsion or relocation of blacks, but the Ivory Coast expelled 16,000 Beninese in the 1960s, Ghana kicked out half a million "aliens" in 1969, during the 1970s Zambia relocated 150,000 undesirables and Uganda expelled 50,000 Asians, in the last two years Ethiopia relocated 1.5 million people and Nigeria expelled 700,000, often using tear gas to break up refugee camps.

In the past 18 months South Africa has detained 2,000-3,000 blacks without trial, but a hundred times as many people face not only incarceration but torture and "re-education" in Ethiopia, Mozambique, Angola, Zaire, Tanzania, and elsewhere. Uganda has since 1971 killed more than half a million of its political prisoners. Amnesty International reports that torture tactics in Ethiopia include "dipping the body in hot oil," "inserting a bottle or heated iron bar into the vagina or anus," and "tying a bottle of water to the testicles." (Even in Greenwich Village, this sort of activity is no longer regarded as pleasurable.)

I have only given snippets, but the evidence is indisputable: Blacks in South Africa are better off. Migration patterns attest to this too: Blacks seem to find the quality of life—that weighted average of economic and human freedoms—higher in South Africa than in the rest of that wretched continent. Yet the U.S. press consistently treats South Africa differently, and surely it couldn't be because it expects greater virtue of white people than black people.



Also compare the plight of South Africa and the Soviet Union. The Soviets already have this on the scoreboard: 30 million of their citizens killed, several countries invaded, poison gas sprayed on Afghans and Cambodians, villages leveled, all basic freedoms (political, religious, press) controlled both at home and abroad, dissidents placed in psychiatric wards—the most brutish Afrikaner must eye this partial listing with envy.

Yet, the media assumes that the best way for the U.S. to oppose the evil of apartheid is to launch boycotts and sanctions, ostracize athletes and artists, eliminate cultural ties, support the militant opposition, and do everything to distance ourselves from South Africa; while it simultaneously insists that the best way to fight Communism is to increase cultural exchanges and leverage, expand trade and tourism, employ cautious rhetoric to encourage moderate elements in the regime, and continually search for common areas of agreement and concern.

Recently the press has uncritically amplified statements by Randall Robinson, Jesse Jackson, and others that South Africa is the most immoral regime known to man. I must say, I was deeply alarmed to hear this, because it reminded me of the "evil empire" rhetoric of that irresponsible fellow Reagan. In particular, I worry about such provocative and inflammatory talk coming at a time of heightened tensions between the two countries.

Okay, I'm mimicking Tom Brokaw. But I still don't see why we respond differently to South African totalitarianism than to Soviet totalitarianism. Remember that the main argument for

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Dinesh D'Souza is managing editor of Policy Review. *(John O'Sullivan is on vacation and will return to this column next month.)*

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ealing cordially with the Russians—"They have nuclear weapons"—applies n all probability to South Africa. Which inspired a rumination from oseph Eule of Washington, D.C. in a etter to the September 20 *National Review*: What if South Africa aimed its uclear weapons at American cities? Threatened to blow up New York if the J.S. Congress tried any stunts, say. Would the Western media hang tough, or would it quickly begin to rationalize he most repugnant aspects of apartheid, its arms control appetite suddenly cindled?

Better: Imagine what would happen f the South African government suddenly allied itself with the Soviet Union. Wouldn't that pose a real dilemma for the Gorbachev lobby at the networks and the *Washington Post*? I suspect that much of the huffery would be muted overnight. And poor Carl Rowan would have to return to his fall-back subject, Reagan's insensitivity to the plight of minorities in this country.

Neal Ascherson, in a recent cover article in the *New York Review of Books*, denies that there is either a logical or a direct connection between Pretoria and Moscow. He informs us that "Botha's problem is not the external threat of 'communist' guerrillas." Oh, it isn't? What is it, then, his recurrent backache? Of course what Ascherson means by his tiresome use of quotation marks is that there are no real Communist guerrillas—only "communists" in the fertile fancy of the Afrikaners.

Notice, these days it is becoming increasingly difficult to be treated as a Communist by the U.S. media. In the 1950s you merely had to say you were a Communist to merit the label. In the 1960s and 1970s you also had to hitch up to the Soviet Union, promise to establish Soviet bases, and so on. Today—well, it's impossible to do it. No matter what you say or do, the networks and newspapers are convinced that you aren't really a Communist.

All this has got me thinking about "apartheid." Is there such a thing, really? I wonder how anyone can say that, as there are so many different variations of racial segregation.

And as for the South African leadership, let's not be simplistic—they can't all believe that talk about racial superiority. Come on, this is 1985. They live in the real world. They have a country to run. They have to adapt their ideology to reality. They're not ideologues, following some macabre doctrine of "apartheid," they're pragmatists. They reject labels. They ask not to be pigeonholed, but to be treated on a human level.

We should respond positively, not atavistically. Disinvestment will only play into the hands of hardliners. Instead we should think about how to use our economic might to help the South African government solve its problems. Perhaps something along the lines of a new Marshall Plan is in order. It can be done; after all, if we can put a man on the moon . . .

Can't resist lapsing into media-talk. I admit it: I know what makes South Africa different from the Soviet Union or other countries, what makes it eligible for special indignation. The first reason is that, unlike the Soviet Union and even some African states, South Africa is only moderately totalitarian. As we've discovered with our experience with Bob Dole, being wishy-washy about anything is always a strategic mistake, and this applies also to totalitarianism. If you're going to stay in power, you've got to go the whole hog.

For example, the South Africans imprison Nelson Mandela for life, so he can become the focus of world attention and a living legend; the Soviets would have killed him, so he would only be a wistful memory—and a reminder of the price of dissent. The

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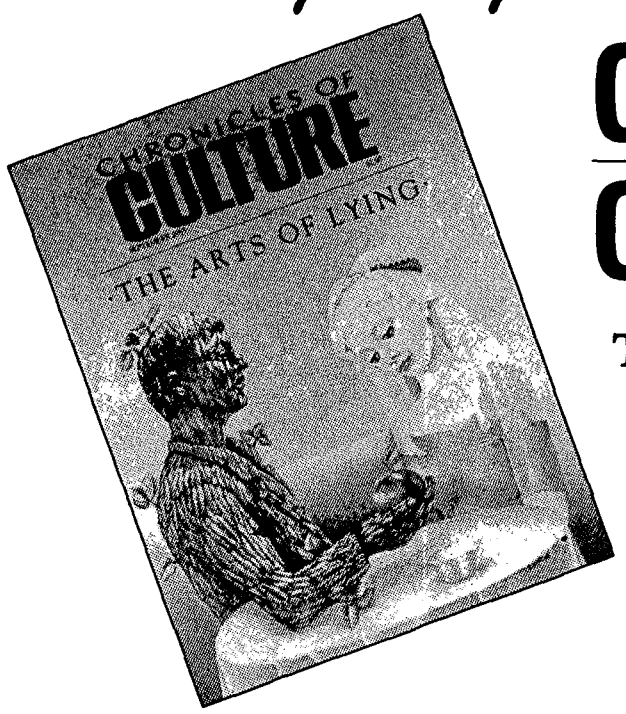

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Afrikaners permit freedom of the press, so the world can witness sobbing blacks at cemeteries; the Soviets would have expelled the international media and placed the sobbers in lunatic asylums, and the only photographs we'd see would be of cheery, well-dressed government officials arriving in Washington for summit talks.

The second, more important, reason that South Africa is different is that it is a U.S. ally. The foreign policy of the elites in our media, academy, and government permits the Soviet Union to treat its citizens any way it pleases and to make alliances based on strategic necessity alone; the U.S., by contrast, is only permitted to ally with countries that a) are democratic, b) have outstanding human rights records, c) expropriate land for redistribution, d) are racially integrated, and so on.

Since most countries in the world do not satisfy the escalating list of liberal moral demands, the U.S. is prevented from recruiting their support in the anti-Communist struggle, and is urged instead to overthrow their governments. Thus America is reduced to a policy of pulverizing her friends as she appeases her mortal enemies.

From the media's point of view, South Africa offers the advantage of being a "safe issue." All the other bleeding heart causes, taken up by the cheerleading press in the 1960s and 1970s, have lost their moral steam. Abortion, reverse discrimination, busing, welfare programs—the correct approach to these is ambiguous, at best, and in many cases the moral momentum has shifted to the right. The South Africa issue, on the other hand, is crystal clear, a safe crusade.

The journalistic consensus was refuted recently by Paul Johnson's *Commentary* article, "The Race for South Africa." But don't expect most journalists, products of the public school system, to understand the complexity so elaborately outlined by Johnson. Indeed, the *New Republic*, continuing to rely heavily on its interns, editorialized about South Africa that "there has not been an evil so simple since the fall of Berlin."

Our suave President must also take some of the blame for the media epilepsy over South Africa, not only because of his man Chester Crocker's complete inability to articulate the case for the Administration's policy, but also because Reagan has, in his second term, failed to set the foreign policy agenda. The result has been a vacuum which the media has exploited by creating its own issue.

I do not expect the frenetic press effort to destabilize the South African government to subside soon. The sneakiest tactic being used by journalists who want to seem objective is the ventriloquist self-fulfilling prophecy. My September 16 issue of *Newsweek*, for instance, quotes "one senior U.S. official" saying that "South Africa is on the slippery slope" to revolution.

This reminds me of the way that *Time* and *Newsweek*, in almost every foreign policy article, print fluid, lengthy quotations, summarizing the thesis of the story, attributed to anonymous high-ranking officials. Ever wonder how such articulate and appropriate quotations are come by, especially under deadline pressure? "We make the damn things up," I was told by top editors at *Time* and *Newsweek*, who asked not to be identified. □

EMINENTOES

THE GENERAL'S BIG MOUTH

by Gary Mead

When General Wojciech Jaruzelski spoke to the Polish nation on December 13, 1981, he promised that martial law would restore order to society and repair the economy. Almost four years later few can dispute that an order of sorts has indeed been imposed, even though as the Polish government press spokesman, Jerzy Urban, observed soon after the start of military rule it has merely "trapped the Devil inside a bottle." The tanks no longer rumble through Warsaw streets, and gas bombs rarely get lobbed into basements, but the opposition has turned inwards, rather than given up all hope. As for the economy . . .

One thing Jaruzelski never promised was that he would staff his regime with charismatic personalities, and he has not disappointed. The Military Council of National Salvation (as the regime initially styled itself) was composed of Jaruzelski clones: enigmatic, colorless senior officers who shone only when TV lights glinted on their medals. As Poland elegantly slides into the status of "Kampuchile" (a term coined by one of Poland's best journalists, Stefan Bratkowski) the civilian replacements for the Military Council have simply supervised the decline, and they haven't an ounce more charisma than their predecessors. It has become a dictatorship by shabby, pedantic officialdom, overseen by deadpan figures in identical suits.

The only ripple on this otherwise stagnant pool is Jerzy Urban, the man whose task it is to explain and justify the actions of the regime to the world. Amongst the present Polish leadership Urban stands out as a personality in his own right, deeply unpleasant though that personality is. Since August 1981 he has acted as government press spokesman, holding regular (usually weekly) conferences for both Polish and foreign journalists, giving interviews, interpreting political developments for the media, and generally acting as PR man for the regime. It's a task he has taken to with relish, handling it with some sophistication and a large helping of sophistry. He is no doubt the best man for the job.

Urban's career is a fascinating illustration of how calculated, unbridled ambition can transform a rather competent journalist into a Polish Minister. That, plus a life-long determination to be on the winning team, has elevated Jerzy Urban into the government ranks. In performing possibly the most testing job in the government, he has become the regime's most detested member. "The dislike of my person, as a government spokesman, comes from people who hate the government and its policy," he has said. "I personify this hatred." This delights him. Indeed, the most remarkable facet of Urban's

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tenure as press spokesman is the masochistic amusement he derives from being universally abhorred, rather as a fairground freak might take some comfort from the awed disgust he evokes in the curious.

What sets the adrenalin spurting in Urban, certainly the most complex and perhaps the most intelligent member of the regime, is the opportunity for mischief, the chance that he may, with a few well-chosen words, irritate and offend his enemies. The list of enemies is tediously long: the Catholic Church, Solidarity, Western journalists based in Poland, Western governments, numerous fellow journalists who attacked the regime from the start, even his own daughter (whom he described, following her marriage to a Solidarity official, as "that fat ugly girl").

Urban was born in the industrial city of Lodz in 1933, the son of upper-middle-class Jewish parents. At some point in his life Jerzy decided to adopt a different surname from that of his parents, which is Urbach. Why he did so is shrouded in mystery, but his love of alter egos has persisted. As late as last year his parents were still alive, still in Lodz, but contact between Urban and them ceased some time ago, again for reasons difficult to discover. How they all eluded the grasp of the Nazis is equally a closely kept secret.

In 1954 he went off to Warsaw University to study journalism. By 1955 he was co-editing an interesting weekly magazine, *Po Prostu*, which had been set up by a group of youthful socialists dissatisfied with the dilatory dismantling of Stalinist controls over social, political, and cultural life. After a few years, the authorities forced it to close, seeing in it the seeds of dangerous ideological deviation. Urban's dalliance with *Po Prostu* was the first in a series of political errors which he has taken years to recover from. His co-editorship led to his fourth rejected application to join the Communist party. An earlier application had been denied after a public drinking session where he sang Nazi songs, an Urbanism typical in its offense to common taste and decorum.

But even at that relatively early stage Urban's Jekyll and Hyde character was in evidence. Years later he was to reveal to a colleague who also had worked on *Po Prostu* that he had been employed by the Polish secret police to spy on the people associated with the magazine. This level of duplicity is deeply attractive to Urban, who revels in the aura of sinister connections in powerful places. The only difference between the youthful carousing Urban and the corpulent dandy of today is that Urban is no longer at the mercy of the authorities—he is one of them, with his own direct telephone link to Jaruzelski.

But before he gained such power he encountered the wrath of at least one previous Party leader, Wladyslaw Gomulka. In the early 1960s he managed to offend a close friend of Gomulka, who decreed that Urban should become a non-person. In Polish terms that meant he officially ceased to exist. Urban, who is addicted to the printed word and especially his own byline, responded by adopting yet another alias, "Jan Rem." Jan Rem became a familiar figure in the Polish press, particularly in the columns of the leading Party weekly, *Polityka*, where his vituperative style lashed out at any trendy notion. Jan Rem is still with us, used by Urban when he wishes to demarcate between his official role as press spokesman and his own opinions. But the edges have become very blurred indeed. A month before the murder of Father Popieluszko last October, Jan Rem wrote in a highly pro-Jaruzelski literary weekly, *Tu i Teraz*, that "seances of hatred are organized in Father Popieluszko's church. . . . Popieluszko is the organizer of sessions of political rabies. . . . What does it matter that Father Popieluszko inspires disgust if in today's educated Poland magicians of this kind continue to be effective . . . and if his black Masses are popular?" At the same time, Urban in his role as press spokesman was denigrating the Catholic Church as little more than a political provocateur.

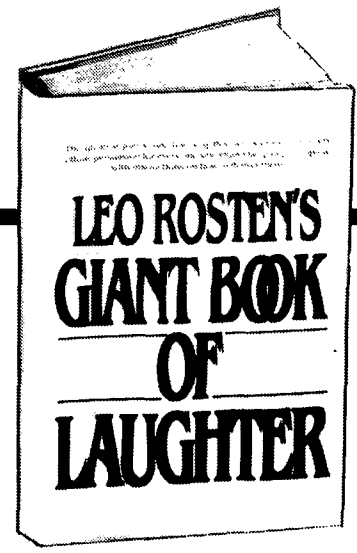
There was little doubt which way Urban would jump when Solidarity arrived. If nothing else, the fact that the working class and intelligentsia flooded into the ranks of Solidarity was enough to guarantee Urban's implacable hatred for anything associated with the union. But his inclination to be a maverick was not the only deciding factor. Urban concluded very early on in the struggle that Solidarity would never be permitted to survive intact and he was clearly not going to be caught on the wrong side this time around. In a Warsaw cafe after Solidarity was formally legalized, he was overheard to say, "I can either be a swine or I can be stupid. And I'm not going to be stupid." He took on the union with tremendous energy, launching insults against its leaders, ridiculing its efforts at reform, and always portraying it as a threat to the state.

For years Urban had craved the opportunity to pour scorn on all those he regarded as his inferiors, but as a journalist he could be dismissed as little more than an occasionally amusing eccentric. But in early 1981, Stanislaw Kania, the then Party leader, hired Urban as press spokesman to take advantage of his prodigious skills as a propagandist. When Jaruzelski took control in the fall of 1981, Urban followed. The "journalistic kamikaze," as a former colleague called him, could no longer be so easily dismissed, now that he had sold his pen to the state.

Is he genuinely a supporter of Communism? Not according to Dariusz Ficus, who for many years was managing editor of *Polityka* and in 1968 collaborated on a book with Urban. Fikus says that Urban is "very intelligent, very dangerous, and very cynical. His adherence to socialism is caused by his fascination with its destructive power, not with its potential for helping people. . . . He is someone who likes to enrage, who sees a trend and goes against it, whatever it is." Urban, he concludes, despises Communism, "as he does any mass movement."

Naturally, Urban does not accept that his servility toward the regime has destroyed his credibility. Credibility, you see, is a quality acquired through being on the winning side. As he wrote in 1982 "I declare that I consider myself credible simply because I was right. Therefore I am reliable as a journalist. On the other hand all those who were wrong cannot be considered reliable even if they had the most noble intentions. They can regain their credibility if they revalue their attitudes and draw conclusions from the defeat of their illusions and mistaken convictions." The profoundly dangerous illogicality of this argument is apparent even to a philosophical novice: Urban said that Solidarity was counter-revolutionary, martial law was imposed only because that threat to the state existed, therefore Urban was right. Not only that. His credibility is based on his being "right," and that question-begging assumption means in turn that he is "reliable." A short step away from might is right, and then the slippery slope to Goebbels's clap-trap: "We're winning, therefore we must be correct."

His credibility intact, Urban is now an isolated figure within Polish journalism, accepted only by the few third-rate polemicists who litter the official press with poorly written distortions of the truth. Most of his previous colleagues of any note have decided that Urban's notion of credibility is not to their taste, and along with resigning from their posts on officially backed publications have lost touch with Urban. His penchant for grotesque practical jokes will have urged them on their way. One famous incident involved a senior journalist from *Polityka*, who, having run out of cash one day in the office, asked Urban for the loan of a small sum. Urban readily agreed, on condition that he be given in return his colleague's pass into *Polityka*'s offices. Thinking it to be no more than an eccentric whim of Urban, the journalist handed over his pass. It arrived back through the mail a few days later, along with a letter purporting to come from an irate prostitute, complaining that she had not yet been paid for her favors. □



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SEINE CITY

by Taki

Paris—Papa Hemingway knew a thing or two when he wrote: "Paris is a fine place to be quite young in and it is a necessary part of a man's education. We all loved it once and we lie if we say we didn't. But she is like a mistress who does not grow old and she has other lovers now." Unlike people who live in the present, Hemingway's emotions existed in the past, and Paris was a place that I suspect gave him more pain than pleasure toward the end. It is not hard to understand why, either. Paris never really changes, the smells are the same, the taxi drivers are the same, the Parisians are the same. Nostalgia is the city's cheapest commodity.

A cynic might ask, nostalgia for what? An easy question to answer. Primarily nostalgia for one's youth. Or, in my case, the time when I thought of nothing other than chasing girls, going to parties and night clubs, or riding off an Argentine in polo in front of the clubhouse of the Polo Club in the Bois de Boulogne. In Hemingway's case Paris meant the place where it all began, where the trip really started, and as everyone knows, the voyage is what counts, not the arrival. Mind you, my case was easier than Papa's. The first time I saw Paris was in 1952. I was fifteen. Although I didn't know my way around, I had read Hemingway and Fitzgerald (no rock videos and MTV back then to keep even one as lazy as me from reading them) and knew instantly that they hadn't embellished the truth about the city. If anything, Paris was better than they had described it. I vowed to return. In May of 1958, just as the Fourth Republic was collapsing for lack of leadership (imagine, the French had a number of Jimmy Carters before De Gaulle cleaned up the mess), I arrived in the City of Light and began earnestly to look for both Hemingway and Dick Diver.

I didn't realize it at the time, but those were unique days for Paris. Under De Gaulle the French finally had begun to feel like the Frenchmen of old, something they hadn't felt under the leadership of his Gallic peanut farmer predecessors. The effect was terrific, even on us foreigners. I shared a flat near the Bois with two Argentine polo players, probably the best looking to come out of a country that has produced its share of good looking as well as heterosexual men. Our guide and mentor was Porfirio Rubirosa, a modern Robin Hood, a Dominican playboy, a polo player who married rich Americans like Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton and spent their money on himself and his poorer friends, namely us.

We'd get up early to work the ponies, play tennis in the afternoon, and in the evening we would get together, dine, go to a party, and then head for New Jimmy's, on the Boulevard Montparnasse. After four a.m. we would race back to the Right Bank, to an after-hours jazz club on rue François I. It might sound like an empty life, one not approved by, say, the Kennedys (yes, those very same ones who keep trying to get arrested in front of the South African embassy but occasionally get picked up for different reasons), but even today I can't think of anything better than to be young and totally hedonistic and to have Paris as a playpen.

As Papa said, it is a necessary part of a man's education. And as I said earlier, the trouble with Paris is that nothing changes. Go down the rue du Bac, turn left on the rue de Lille, and you see the tiny *pension* that once served as your favorite *cinq à sept* rendezvous during the late fifties. Or, walk up the rue François I, and in the corner of the rue Pierre Charron there is La Belle Ferronnierre, the bistro where the *Paris Match* boys used to hang out, as well as all sorts of ladies of the night. One of the waiters asks you why you've stayed away for so long, which doesn't make it any easier. Best of all, drive on up the Boulevard Montparnasse and dine at the Closerie des Lilas with Parisian friends who speak of nothing except the beauty of women, a typical French habit that is full of gentility and fun. At the Closerie the ghosts are real. The piano player plays tunes you heard almost thirty years ago, tunes full of romance and the pain of unrequited love. There is no screeching, no screams, no Madonna-like crudeness. You recognize a couple of faces from way back then. More important, Hemingway's presence can still be felt.

This is mid-September, a good time to be in Paris. The tourists are starting to head for home, the weather is still good, the girls are all bronzed from the holidays. The mood of the Parisians is almost the same as it was back in 1958. Next year they plan to throw out of government what Orwell once called the sandal-wearing poofters of the left, the very same people who have been trying to backtrack ever since their disastrous socialization of French industry managed to make the French worker one of the poorest (in buying power) in Europe. All the polls show that next year the French electorate is about to send a message to those that believe that socialism is the answer. The message is simple, but cannot be repeated in as elegant a publication as *TAS*.

This time I chose to stay at a small hotel on the Right Bank with my wife and children. My room is huge, with a large fireplace and windows that start at the floor and rise almost to the ceiling. Every morning I look out over the gray slate Parisian roofs and listen to the sounds of the city waking up. As I'm with the wife and *les enfants*, I am drinking little and staying away from my old haunts. Ergo I'm up at the time

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ıised to go to bed when I lived here. ıe effect is one and the same. There nothing like Paris at daybreak.

The only change I've noticed in ıris is that there are more Arabs ɔw. And more places in which they ɐp the money they have ripped off us ıce 1973. In front of the elegant ·avellers Club now lies the Bank of ubai, and I counted three buildings the beautiful Place Vendome that ıve gone oily. But as far as buildings ·e concerned, the French are light ·ars ahead of the rest of Europe. here is a blot on the Left Bank where ıe Tour Montparnasse stands like an ıdulating middle finger to good taste, ıd there is Beaubourg. Otherwise the ·umps of this world have failed in aris. They've ruined the vista through the Arc, but that is about all. The French know how to preserve their heritage.

And they know how to commemorate their heroes. For one week last month I wandered around Paris seeing old friends, but mostly showing Paris to my four-year-old boy and nine-year-old daughter. Our favorite visit was to Les Invalides. My boy was open-mouthed when he saw the tomb of the great Napoleon (especially when I let it slip that we have the same birthday). His tomb of red Russian prophyry bears no name. No tourist need be told who is inside. Around its base are carved the names of a dozen of his most famous battles. We also saw the tomb of Marshall Duroc, the man who first approached Maria Walewska on behalf of the emperor (yet another man who betrayed Poland), and who died by taking a direct hit while galloping next to Bonaparte in the Russian campaign. When my little boy saw a Paris taxi of World War I vintage, there to commemorate the part taxis played in saving Paris in 1917, he asked me, "Is that Napoleon's taxi, Papa?"

Well, it might be hard for children to understand about glory and heroism and love of country, but not if they grow up in France. All one has to do is take them to Les Invalides, rather than a rock concert as some of us have a habit of doing. French people put *les affaires d'etat* before party ideology. Even the sinking of Greenpeace's "Rainbow Warrior" was not initially condemned by the left in France. After all, the French have suffered in war and know what it is to be unprepared. They don't tolerate the Hitchenses and those other trendy little girls of the left telling them what is morally correct where defense of country is concerned. (Incidentally, why are there so many English agents posing as journalists in America these days?) Just as they don't tolerate people not honoring past military glories. My visit to Les Invalides is probably the nicest thing I could have done for my children. It might keep my son away from hero-worshipping the Warren Beattys of this world, and my daughter from bringing home a Keith Richards or Mick Jagger. Let's hope so. □

THE NATION'S PULSE

ɜORNE IN THE U.S.A.

by Joe Mysak

ɔonsider the following: A young ·oman at the conclusion of labor has ıe startling presence of mind to tell er husband to turn up the tape of the ɔng "Born in the U.S.A.," a move or-hestrated for the benefit of the baby.

Thousands of well-fed, denim-clad oncert-goers, many wearing head-ands, stand up and raise their fists to how their solidarity in resentment and ·itterness with the American)ppressed.

A friend interrupts a painstaking ex-mination of Bob & Ray's *oeuvre* by pontaneously bursting into song, ef-ectively replicating his hero's inex-·licable multiglot baritone drawl. A ·aluable history of the origins of Mary Backstayge, Noble Wife's House of ɔoast is thus lost.

A U.S. senator gushes about Bruce ʃpringsteen as a happy patriot in the ›ages of a national newspaper.

This is New Jersey. And none of it nakes any sense, but wherever Bruce ʃpringsteen and his E Street Band play, he above scenes are repeated, and of ·ourse chronicled in newspapers and nagazines in the gravest, most serious and documentary tones. The eminent First New Jerseyite has gone from a rock and roll composer and singer whose ditties were certainly no worse than those by, say, the Monkees or the Cowsills, to the Author of an Anthem for Today's Disaffected American Youth, who knows "There's something very wrong with America."

I mean, *really.*

It is one thing for sixteen-year-olds to caper about in such fashion; today, it might even be expected of them. It is quite another for those who ought to know better, those in their twenties and thirties, to carry on so. And when pols like Senator Bill Bradley, Mayor Ed Koch, and the President feel they have to invoke the Bruce's name, or dignify one of his performances with their presence—well, the sight of Ed Koch's glittering 60-year- old pate bobbing in the fifth row of the Brendan Byrne Arena is really too much for words.

"It's a good thing Buddy Holly died before they could get to him," once observed the Honorable McCabe, speaking of those contemporary philosophers who, apparently devoid of religion, moral virtue, or spine, insist on searching for heroes in rock stars and other male models, and for the truth in the imbecilic babble of their bad songs and worse lyrics. It is all absurd . . . unseemly . . . pathetic. But there it is.

This is not to say that the Bruce is not a lot of fun when he is writing about girls and Cadillacs. And he is not so bad at all when one or more of the girls puts him on, on the jukebox, and starts to shake around to the music. And it must be said that when he is onstage and when he is singing those songs about girls and Cadillacs, he is a performer not without a sense of humor. But that's not enough for today's young Yanks, obsessed as they are with the trivial and the inconsequen-

ɔoe Mysak is assistant managing editor ›f the daily Bond Buyer.

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tial. No, they must know what the Great Man thinks.

Just imagine what an awful burden this places on a young man whose principal form of social discourse is "you know." He has not done a great deal of thinking, so instead resorts to the old bogies: the Evil Rich. And so consider the Bruce's much-vaunted "dark vision of America," peopled with migrant workers, unemployed factory hands, drifters, unwed mothers, cloudy-minded Vietnam veterans, high-school stars who peaked too soon, and a host of spiritual bankrupts. It's a land of shattered hopes and dead dreams. It is also a land of unending self-pity and incessant whining.

A very grim vision indeed. But what is even sadder, what is, in fact, fabulous, is that much of an entire generation—the one that supposedly has given in to the sin of ambition and the shallow lust for piling up mere possessions—has been gulled into believing it.

How else can one explain those fevered fans assembled by the thousands in those magnificent *sports-palasts* now used by the Bruce for his concerts? There they stand, row upon row, with fists raised, striking at the air in perfect cadence with the band in a kind of weird allegiance. Their faces are fixed in determined, sullen expressions seemingly compounded of heartbreak, hemorrhoids, and herpes. The Bruce pout has replaced the Elvis sneer.

"What are they so angry about?" one is tempted to ask. Here are thousands of the well-fed products of neat suburban bedroom communities, nearly all white, who have enough money to come to hear the Bruce in their own automobiles; who have sufficient cash to ante up the high iron to buy tickets to one, two, or more performances, as well as the requisite Tour T-shirts; and who then are able to rush home to listen to the collection of Springsteen working-class laments on those very toney compact disc players (*the sound's so clean*, they marvel). What are these legions so angry about? Is it the hollow values of their parents? Or possibly the plight of the blue-collar construction worker (who by all accounts makes more than you and me)? Or are these suffering masses whacking at the air in celebration of their own survival, having been through the hell of summers at the beach, pizza-stand boardwalk romances, skiing trips to Sun Valley, and countless hours of Western Civilization classes? Not since Tennessee Ernie Ford sold his soul to the company store has there been such Populist fervor. Yes, there is something very wrong with an America that lets such horrors go unchecked.

There is cheek, and there is gall. There is simple naiveté, and then there is self-delusion. Those not gulled into swallowing the dark vision, but who like the faster numbers anyway, somehow feel compelled to justify their adoration. So, directly contrary to all evidence, they claim that the Bruce is not a latter-day Wobbly but a patriot wrapped in the red, white, and blue. His songs are "affirmations, deep down," of the American values. About such zealots, one can only come to the conclusion that they are tone deaf. But they may be credited with fantastic imaginations.

Between those who whine, and those who make excuses, there is an awful lot of noise being generated about The Boss, which is another name the Bruce goes by. But no matter. He is no American hero. Those Who Know, know this: To the quick and brave belongs the reward, and nothing, but nothing, can stop the Duke of Earl. Take it away, Big Man. □

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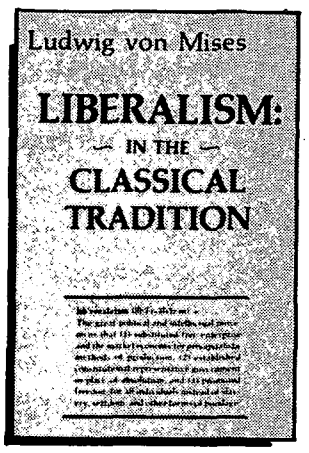

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 7)

flict has to be conscious to exist, even though aspects of it remain hidden from oneself, i.e., unconscious) and *not* with real interpersonal conflict. This is a slogan of the ivory tower psychoanalytic sect to which Dr. Kramer belongs. A psychoanalyst worth his money should be very much concerned with social realities and with the real life of his patient. His understanding of dream life, of inner motives, will help him understand the real life of the patient better than if he did not have depth psychology at his disposal. Because he has such knowledge of depth dynamics, he is in the position to understand his patient better than a professional who does not have it. He is thus in a position to offer informed practical counsel to his patient and help him manage his real life better. A concerned analyst does not just "give interpretations of the unconscious"; on the contrary, he teaches the perplexed how to love and work (*Lieben und Arbeiten*, remember, Dr. Kramer?), he is a teacher informed by the ideal of love tempered by justice.

This was indeed Freud's view. Yes, he revolutionized our understanding of dream life (often referred to by the shorthand "unconscious") and how it colors our perception of the real world. But Freud never dreamt of denying reality and the trauma of reality. He never lost sight of the dialectical balance between the real and the imagined (i.e., dreamt), between the public, societal stage of relations and interpersonal actions and the inner, private, secret stage of dreams and hidden motives.

A case in point and most relevant to our debate is the 1932 exchange of letters between Einstein and Freud entitled "Why War?" in volume 22 of the Standard Edition. The physicist Einstein asks: "This is the problem: Is there any way of delivering mankind from the menace of war?" Contrary to Dr. Kramer's exhortations, "pacifist" Einstein enjoins Freud as follows: "There are certain psychological obstacles whose existence a layman in the mental sciences may dimly surmise, but whose interrelations and vagaries he is incompetent to fathom; you, I am convinced, will be able to suggest educative methods, lying more or less outside the scope of politics, which will eliminate these obstacles." Psychologist Freud replies: "You begin with the relation between Right and Might. . . .But may I replace the word 'might' by the bolder and the harsher word 'violence?' . . . Thus we see that the violent solutions of conflicts of interest is not avoided even inside a community but everyday necessities and common concerns . . . bring . . . an increasing probability that a peaceful solution will be found. . . . Some people are inclined to prophesy that it will not be possible to make an end of war until Communist ways of thinking have found universal acceptance. . . . Our mythological theory of instincts makes it easy for us to find a formula for *indirect* [Freud's emphasis] methods of combating war. If willingness to engage in war is an effect of the destructive instinct, the most obvious plan will be to bring Eros, its antagonist, into play against it. Anything that encourages the growth of emotional ties between men must operate against war." And this, my good Dr. Kramer, was also the intention of the wise women in *Lysistrata.*

—Zvi Lothane, M.D.
Mount Sinai School of Medicine
New York, New York

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'ale Kramer replies:

Ve regret that Dr. Lothane's feathers vere ruffled by our remarks. We hought we were only participating in vhat Dr. Lothane himself calls "free lebate" which was as much our duty is "informed citizens" as his. We regret oo that Dr. Lothane was disappointed n his failure to recruit us to his cause, ɔut there was neither malice nor distorion in what we depicted (he is welcome iny time to listen to himself on our ape of the meeting if he thinks we did iot represent him accurately).

It is clear from his letter, however, hat Dr. Lothane has missed our point. The issue, as we tried to suggest, was iot Dr. Lothane's right to assert his ɔolitical beliefs as freely as he wished :o, but a mischievous abuse of profes-ionalism. What Dr. Lothane and his :olleagues appear to want is a right to assert their politics not as individual citizens—one voice, one vote—but as specialists, mental health experts with "special knowledge." They want their voices to be heard over other voices because they feel they have some highly relevant knowledge which the rest of us don't have.

That, of course, as we tried to say in our article, is nonsense. It is pseudoscience—propaganda wrapped in psychological jargon.

To assert one's political beliefs is legitimate and moral, but to use one's professional status to advance one's political values is a form of intellectual bullying, and to do so in the pious tones we heard that day suggests a moral arrogance that makes real discourse impossible.

Freud, even in his 76th year, was a little humbler than Dr. Lothane and his associates when it came to issues of war and peace. In the very correspondence that Dr. Lothane refers to in his letter, Freud begins his reply to Einstein by saying, "You have taken me by surprise, however, by posing the question of what can be done to protect mankind from the curse of war. I was scared at first by the thought of my . . . incapacity for dealing with what seemed to be a practical problem, a concern for statesmen. But then I realized that you had raised the question not as a natural scientist and physicist but as a philanthropist: You were following the prompting of the League of Nations. . . . I reflected, moreover, that I was not being asked to make practical proposals but only to set out the problem of avoiding war as it appears to a psychological observer. Here again you yourself have said almost all there is to say on the subject."

The correspondence between Einstein and Freud was solicited and organized by a cultural department of the League of Nations in 1932. Freud was not enthusiastic about it, and later referred to it as "tedious and sterile." The two men had met only once before, in 1927, and in a letter describing the occasion Freud wrote with his characteristic irony: "He understands as much about psychology as I do about physics, so we had a very pleasant talk."

In the heat of Dr. Lothane's moral passion he has pieced together from this correspondence a view of Freud that bears little resemblance to reality. In Dr. Lothane's quotes Freud comes off as a sappy adolescent idealist, and to spare the old man's memory and set the record straight we will have to fill in some of Dr. Lothane's ellipses.

For contrary to what Dr. Lothane would like to believe, Freud was no idealist. Although he deplored war, and hoped for the best, he understood that the impulses to aggression were deeply rooted in human nature, as the following from the same correspondence indicates: "For our immediate purpose, then, this much follows from what has been said: There is no use trying to get rid of men's aggressive inclinations. We are told that in certain happy regions of the earth, where nature provides in abundance everything man requires, there are races whose life is passed in tranquillity and who know neither coercion nor aggression. I can scarcely believe it, and I should be glad to hear more of these fortunate beings. The Russian Communists, too, hope to be able to cause human aggressiveness to disappear by guaranteeing the satisfaction of all material needs and by establishing equality in other respects among all the members of the community. That, in my opinion, is an illusion. They themselves are armed today with the most scrupulous care, and not the least important of the methods by which they keep their supporters together is hatred of everyone beyond their frontiers."

Furthermore, Freud was quite realistic about the possibility of the international control of aggression: "Wars will only be prevented with certainty if mankind unites in setting up a central authority to which the right of giving judgment upon all conflicts of interest shall be handed over. There are clearly two separate requirements involved in this: the creation of a supreme agency, and its endowment with the necessary power. One without the other would be useless. The League of Nations is designed as an agency of this kind, but the second condition has not been fulfilled: The League of Nations has no power of its own and can only acquire it if the members of the new union, the separate states, are ready to resign it. And at the moment there seems very little prospect of this."

Freud was also deeply skeptical of the likelihood of achieving international peace in our time, as the following *complete* quotation suggests. Please note that Dr. Lothane's editing suggests that Freud espoused or approved of "Communist ways of thinking." Nothing could have been further from the truth. "Nor does any idea exist today which could be expected to exert a unifying authority of the sort. Indeed, it is all too clear that the national ideals by which nations are at present swayed operate in a contrary direction. Some people are inclined to prophesy that it will not be possible to make an end of war until Communist ways of thinking have found universal acceptance. But that aim is in any case a very remote one today, and perhaps could only be reached after the most fearful civil wars. Thus that attempt to replace actual force by the force of ideas seems at present to be doomed to failure. We shall be making a false calculation if we disregard the fact that law was originally brute violence and that even today it cannot do without the support of violence."

And finally, even in the midst of deploring the cruelties of war Freud did not allow himself to slip into slogans and simplistic ideological thinking: " . . . Every war is not open to condemnation to an equal degree; so long as there exist countries and nations that are prepared for the ruthless destruc-

(continued on page 51)

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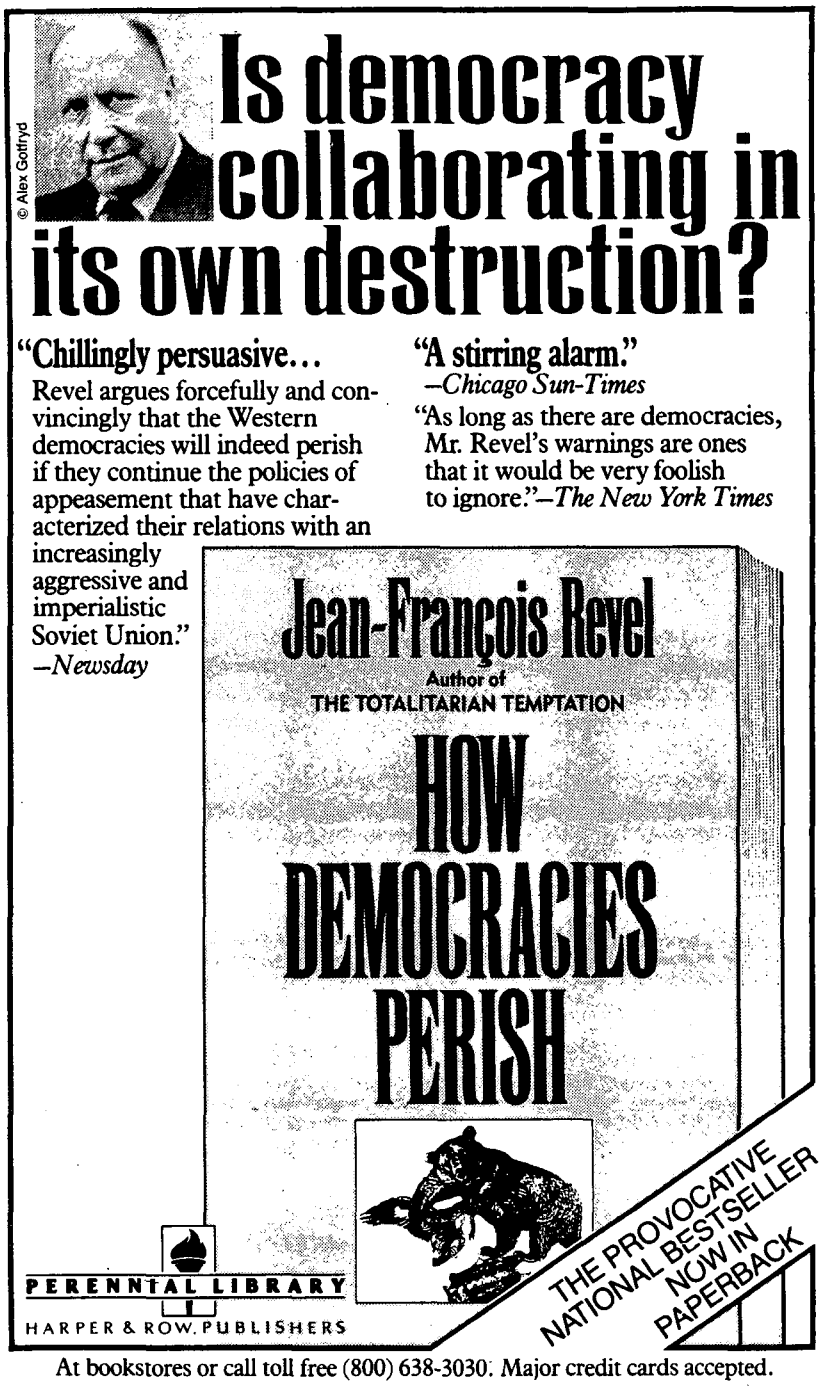
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TREACHEROUS SIGNPOSTS: THE PERILS OF MISREADING GERMANY'S PAST

by Franz M. Oppenheimer

There is another world for the expiation of guilt; but the wages of folly are payable here below. —Lord Acton

Hitler's seizure of Germany was a historical fluke. As Golo Mann has put it: "The entire 'Third Reich' was a shamefully stupid episode of German history, in no way the inevitable result of what went before, but the result of a chain of accidents, errors and avoidable bungles."

At the beginning of January 1933 Hitler was on the ropes. The high tide of his party in free parliamentary elections had come on July 31, 1932, when the Nazi party obtained 37.2 percent of the vote. Three months later, in what were to be the last free elections for the Reichstag, the Nazi party lost two million votes and reduced its percentage to 33.1—5 percent less than McGovern's in 1972. Shortly thereafter the party lost 40 percent of its prior votes in the Thuringia state elections. The party was bankrupt; it had debts of 12 million marks and no visible means of prospective financial support. Henry Ashby Turner tells us that the "relations between the NSDAP and the business community," which, contrary to Marxist folklore, had never been amicable, "seemed to have reached an all-time low." At the beginning of January 1933 even the Social Democratic party newspaper, *Vorwärts*, had to conclude that "Hitlerism has long since lost all credit with high finance, heavy industry and the large landowners." One of the reasons for the disenchantment was the Nazis' alliance with the Communists in a wildcat strike of transportation workers in Berlin, which caused widespread violence and paralyzed the capital for five days.

At about that time Gregor Strasser, the head of the party bureaucracy and after Hitler the party's strongest personality, resigned from the party. His resignation caused fear of a more general revolt against Hitler by other Nazi leaders. At least for a while, Hitler seems to have been in a deep depression, and talked of ending it all with his pistol.

Moreover, the economic misery that had propelled his party towards power had also begun to recede in the summer of 1932. Decline in employment had come to a halt; the output of producers' goods had turned up in the second quarter of 1932 and that of consumer durables in the third quarter. Profits had begun to rise as a proportion of industrial income and costs had begun to fall enough to restore some measure of business confidence. This was reflected in the rising of shares on the stock markets and the rising prices of raw materials. Workers were given new confidence when Chancellor Schleicher restored the inviolability of wage contracts, which Chancellor Franz von Papen had abolished.

During the same period, Germany's political humiliations by the Allies of World War I, which had been almost as useful a propellant for Hitler as the economic Depression, had come to an end. The reparation payments imposed by the Dawes and Young Plans were virtually abolished by the Lausanne Conference in June 1932. And during the first few days of Schleicher's chancellorship, in December 1932, a treaty between the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany lifted the limitations on Germany's armaments imposed by the Versailles treaty in order to make possible, as that treaty had humorously put it, "the beginning of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." Thus the Weimar Republic had finally achieved international equal rights; it was a pariah no longer. In the light of those developments, it was not surprising that the *Frankfurter Zeitung* summed up a widespread general consensus on January 1, 1933: "The mighty National Socialist assault on the democratic state has been repulsed."

The best account I have found of the "accidents, errors, and avoidable bungles" that caused Hitler to be appointed chancellor thirty days after that obituary is given in a recent biography of the last chancellor of the Weimar Republic, Reichskanzler Kurt von Schleicher, by Friedrich-Karl von Plehwe. The destructive system of proportional representation in the Reichstag made it impossible for Schleicher, as it had made it impossible for Brüning, to obtain a majority from the representatives of the two-thirds of German voters who did not want Hitler. Franz von Papen, Schleicher's immediate predecessor, held Schleicher responsible for losing the chancellorship and used his influence with his next door neighbor and friend, President Hindenburg, to prevent Schleicher from obtaining the authority to dissolve parliament. New elections would have spelled the demise of Hitler, for, as we have seen, the party had no funds for another campaign. Probably Schleicher's crucial error, which permitted Papen to turn Hindenburg against Schleicher, came in his first speech as chancellor, which endorsed the resettlement of unemployed people from the West to Prussia east of the Elbe, on the large bankrupt estates of noblemen—estates that had been kept going only by enormous governmental subsidies. Hindenburg was himself the owner of one of those estates, and his closest friends were fellow East Prussian noblemen and landowners.

Obviously, Papen could have found no better ammunition against Schleicher than a plan to convert the property of Hindenburg and his closest friends into small family farms. And revelations by a committee of the Reichstag of numerous instances of landowners' misuse of governmental subsidies had made Hindenburg and his friends especially sensitive to plans of east-Elbian agrarian reform. In short, Papen succeeded in overcoming Hindenburg's aversion to Hitler by touching the old man's rawest self-interest. In Alan Bullock's words, "Hitler did not seize power, he was jobbed into office by a backstairs intrigue." Von Papen, the principal intriguer, stupidly believed that he had hired a pilot; instead he had placed a highjacker in the nation's cockpit.

Be that as it may, so the conventional view of German history goes, some thirteen million Germans, one out of three, voted for Hitler, a big enough minority to indicate the climate of a country and only that climate could have produced the gas chambers. Such reasoning, however, must be predicated on the assumption that those thirteen million Germans knew and desired what they were voting for. When that assumption is examined it must be found faulty. What those voters wanted in the first place was an out from the economic misery of the Depression. The existing political system seemed unable to help them—and only the Communists and the Nazis promised a break with the system. To find a particular culpability in Germany—because it was the only industrial country in which so many voted for so evil a party, although other countries, like

This essay is principally based on the following recent books:

The Abandonment of the Jews: America and the Holocaust, 1941-1945, by David S. Wyman, Pantheon, $19.95.

German Big Business and the Rise of Hitler, by Henry Ashby Turner, Jr., Oxford University Press, $25.00.

Germany Today: A Personal Report, by Walter Laqueur, Little, Brown and Company, $16.95.

Hitler: Memoirs of a Confidant, edited by Henry Ashby Turner, Jr., Yale University Press, $29.95.

Hitler, Germans, and the "Jewish Question," by Sarah Gordon, Princeton University Press, $40.00; $14.50 paper.

L'Affaire, by Jean-Denis Bredin, Paris 1983.

Reichskanzler Kurt von Schleicher: Weimars Letze Chance Gegen Hitler, by Friedreic-Karl von Plehwe, Esslingen, FRG 1983.

Le Vertige Allemand, by Brigitte Saugay, Paris 1985.

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ıe United States, had been hit equal- / or worse by the Depression—is to ɔrget that in Germany, the misery of ıe Depression had come as a last traw. In the twelve years before the)epression, Germany had lost a war, ad been dismembered, had been tamped a pariah for its supposedly ex- lusive responsibility for starting the /ar it lost, and had the savings of its eople wiped out by inflation. The vic- ɔrs of World War I suffered no com- arable series of disasters.

That the Nazi voters' hope for omething new had nothing to do with Hitler's crimes to come, must be con- luded from a recent scholarly work by Sarah Gordon, *Hitler, Germans and the Jewish Question."* Since the murder of ix million Jews is generally considered he result, if not of the anti-Semitism f Germans as a whole, then at least f that of the German Nazis, determin- ng the prevalence and kind of anti- emitism among Nazis is crucial to the ssue of culpability, an issue that, as we ıave just seen again in the Bitburg con- roversy, continues to bedevil the 'ederal Republic of Germany's rela- ions with the United States. Professor Gordon's data on anti-Semitism should ay to rest the conventional wisdom. She shows that, even among the com- nitted core of Nazi party members)efore Hitler's seizure of power, rabid ınti-Semites were a small minority of 2.5 percent, and even that minority of ard-carrying Nazi party members "did ıot appear to have envisioned the ex-)ulsion of Jews from Germany, much ess genocide or extermination." One- hird of those early Nazis were not anti- Semites at all; and the remaining najority were either mild anti-Semites)r indifferent to the "Jewish question."

To gain perspective on the meaning)f these percentages, it is useful to :ompare them with public opinion)olls taken in the United States from 1938 to 1946, presented in David S. Wyman's chilling description of American anti-Semitism during that)eriod: "From 15 to 24 per- :ent . . . looked on Jews as 'a menace :o America.' " Fifteen percent "would have supported an anti-Jewish campaign, and another 20 to 25 percent would have sympathized with such a movement. Approximately 30 percent . . . would have actively opposed it. In sum . . . as much as 35 percent to 40 percent of the population was prepared to approve an anti-Jewish campaign, some 30 percent would have stood up against it, and the rest would have remained indifferent." We do not know how many Americans among those 15 percent of active anti-Semites nurtured genocide in their hearts—probably a statistically insignificant minority[1]—but the same can be said of the 12.5 percent of rabidly anti-Semitic Nazi party members—murder or expulsion of the Jews was not on their agenda either.

Given these statistics, and the fact that even the hard core of card-carrying Nazi party members in the Weimar Republic contained only a small rabidly anti-Semitic minority, I find it difficult to attribute any culpability (beyond original sin) to the *average* Nazi *voter.*

Hitler's election tactics from 1928 to his seizure of power in 1933 can be explained only by his knowledge of the

In *Diary of a Nightmare: Berlin, 1942-1945,* Jrsula von Kardorff, a young Prussian anti-Nazi journalist, notes how an American :onsular official rebuked a German 'Aryan" colleague of hers for attempting o help a Jewish girl obtain a visa: How :ould a German woman "intervene on)ehalf of a Jewess, 'because after all that s forbidden, isn't it?' " Miss von Kardorff's lismay would have been even greater had he known that just before the War the American ambassador in London, Joe Kennedy, had advised the Nazi ambassador o be less noisy about the Jews, adding that 'he himself understood the . . . [Hitlerian])olicy on Jews completely."

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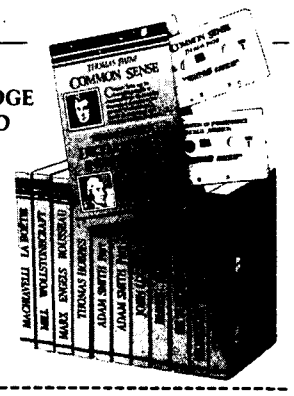

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lack of appeal anti-Semitism had for the German voters. According to several historians cited by Sarah Gordon, anti-Semitism was not a major campaign theme during that period, and, in particular, Hitler himself toned down his anti-Semitism to win votes after 1928. During the critical campaign for the elections in the first Depression year of 1930, elections in which the Nazi vote jumped from 2.6 percent to 18.3 percent of total votes, "Hitler even proclaimed that he had nothing against 'decent' Jews and discountenanced violent anti-Semitism. He particularly avoided any discussion of future measures against Jews. His speech before major industrialists in Düsseldorf during 1932 also omitted anti-Semitic references."

The reactions of Germans to the anti-Semitic realities that prevailed after Hitler's seizure of power are consistent with this analysis. Before the start of World War II, the regime staged two spectacular anti-Semitic outrages by which it could test popular reactions. The first of these was a boycott against Jewish businesses, doctors, and lawyers in April 1933 that was abandoned after four days "when it failed to receive domestic or foreign support." Gordon's analysis of available data reveals a conflicting pattern of reactions. "Hardly anyone spoke up publicly in protest." Moreover, in a few limited geographic regions like Middle Franconia and Munich, the boycott seems to have been partially successful; i.e., some people did stay away from Jewish shops. On the other hand, "many people bought deliberately from Jews. In some parts of Germany, they tried to force their way into Jewish shops [picketed by Storm Troopers] and even generals in uniform bought in Jewish stores."

Somewhat surprisingly the second spectacular anti-Semitic outrage before World War II, the pogrom known as *Kristallnacht*, launched by the regime in November 1938 after more than five years of constant, virulent anti-Semitic propaganda, aroused more widespread dismay among Germans than the boycott of April 1933, launched after only two months of totalitarian propaganda. Prior to the pogrom, the socialist underground's *Deutschland-Berichte*, which "made a fetish of trying to report objectively," reported that "anti-Semitism was slowly taking root among the German people. It was more kindly anti-Semitism than that preached by the Nazis, but anti-Semitism nevertheless." By contrast there was "a torrent of reports" indicating public disapproval of *Kristallnacht*. For example, the British consul general in Frankfurt reported: "I am persuaded that, if the government of Germany depended on the suffrage of the people, those in power and responsible for these outrages would be swept away by a storm of indignation if not put up against a wall and shot." The U.S. ambassador filed a similar report: "In view of this being a totalitarian state, a surprising characteristic of the situation here is the intensity and scope among German citizens of a condemnation of the recent happenings against Jews."

The most persuasive evidence of the extent Germans disapproved of *Kristallnacht* is found in the Propaganda Ministry's directives to the press. "The extensiveness of murder and property destruction . . . was never reported. All newspapers were ordered to describe general events at local levels only, not at regional or national levels. Pictures and reports of individual burnings and lootings were prohibited, and articles were to appear on the second or third, rather than first, page."

After the *Kristallnacht*, besides trying to hush up the scope of the outrages, Nazi rulers reacted to their failure to arouse anti-Semitic popular feelings by starting a great "hunt for

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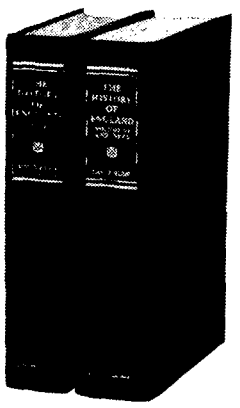

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ate enemies." The *Deutschland-Berichte* reported that "people were arrested while traveling in the train and taken to Dachau." On the other hand, Hitler must have concluded that he could not succeed in reaching his objective of murdering all Jews in peace time. Indeed in his profound and brilliant book on Hitler, Sebastian Haffner argues persuasively that Hitler gave the order for "the final solution of the Jewish question" only after he was convinced that his war was lost—because of the Russian offensive in December 1941, and his declaration of war against the United States. For Hitler, killing Jews was more important than winning the war.

There has been much controversy about how much "the Germans" knew about the ultimate horror of the gas chambers. Those directly involved knew, killed, and tortured. A significant minority could have known but willfully shut their eyes and ears. Even more people had seen the deportation of Jews with their own eyes but chose to believe that they would "merely" be "resettled." But it is equally true, as Sarah Gordon discusses, that the Nazi regime went to great lengths in attempting to conceal its crimes. Jews were deported at night in a variety of public and private vehicles, including furniture vans. Soldiers who had witnessed the shooting of Jews and Poles in the East were threatened with execution for revealing what they had seen. The extermination camps in the East "were in most cases out of view of soldiers and were kept strictly secret. Knowledge about them was very limited except among top officials, the resistance, and church leaders."

Information that eventually did seep through was widely disbelieved by Germans, just as it was by the British, American, and Vatican authorities. Nor was that disbelief surprising, as Sarah Gordon says:

> Since what they heard was on the surface incredible by normal standards of common sense and past experience, this is not shocking; no human beings had ever had to contemplate premeditated carnage on quite so vast a scale. . . . Even so prominent a Jewish leader as Leo Baeck, the head of the Berlin Jewish community, said that he did not know of Auschwitz and the systematic murder of Jews until 1943, by which time millions had already been murdered.

It is instructive to contemplate how an especially well-informed young woman, Ursula von Kardorff, heard for the first time of Auschwitz. She was a journalist in Berlin, a hater of the Nazis and everything they stood for, and a close friend of many of the participants in the plot against Hitler of July 20, 1944. She adored Fritz von der Schulenburg, one of the leaders in that plot. This is her diary entry for December 27, 1944:

> I read surreptitiously in the lavatory at the Kochstrasse a copy of the *Journal de Geneve*, which Barchen slipped to me. There was a horrifying article by two Czechs, who escaped from a concentration camp in the east. They say the Jews there are systematically gassed. They are taken into a big washroom, ostensibly to have a bath, and gas is then pumped in through hidden valves, until they are all dead. The corpses are burned. The article was seriously written and did not sound like atrocity propaganda. Is one bound to believe such a ghastly story? It simply cannot be true! Surely even the most brutal fanatics could not be so absolutely bestial! Barchen and I could talk of nothing else all evening.
>
> It said the camp is at a place called Auschwitz. If what was in the paper is really true there is only one prayer left for us, "Lord, deliver us from the evildoers who besmirch our name by their shame."
>
> The Ardennes offensive has bogged down. The objective was to reach the Channel coast in order to get better launching sites for the V-2s. In the east, ominous quiet.

When she made that entry, Schulenburg and many others among her friends had been hanged. Her fiancé

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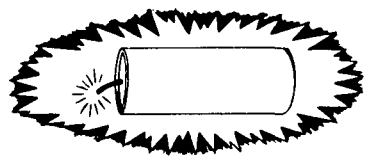

Harvard historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Sr. once said that prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church is "the deepest bias in the history of the American people."

There is a tenacious myth among Americans generally that says Catholics are stupid, lazy, and superstitious.

Among fundamentalists there is that whopper of a myth that the Pope is the Anti-Christ and the Catholic Church is the Whore of Babylon, a hideous and many-tentacled pagan cult.

Among evangelicals there is a more sedate myth that Catholicism is a numbing religion riddled with dead formulas, empty rituals, and rigid prohibitions — a legalistic religion which fears the Bible and freezes out the grace of Christ.

Among secular humanists there is a politically handy myth that only Catholics regard abortion as murder, and that no one in his right mind who is not a Catholic would object to legalized abortion.

Secular humanists also purvey the myth that Catholics call abortion murder because they are puritanical and hate sex. Moreover, it is said, Catholics opposed to abortion don't really care about the sanctity of human life, as they claim to, because they are utterly indifferent to the threat to innocent life posed by nuclear weapons.

Then, there is the abiding myth that Catholics can't really explain why they are Catholic, that when Catholics are challenged their convictions crumble, and hence Catholics fear democracy, the open circulation of ideas, and freedom of religion.

Oddly, myths about Catholicism have even worked their way into the Catholic Church herself. Hence, among modernist Catholics there is a corrosive myth that Catholics who believe in the creeds and the Church's magisterium are both narrow-minded ignoramuses who self-righteously cling to the letter of the law and mean-spirited bigots who fear Protestants and fail in charity toward their neighbors.

This is an intimidating syllabus of myths — but happily, each myth is inaccurate and erroneous, and each one is disproved by the existence and insistence of the NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Actually, we at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW don't waste much time fretting about the myth-makers; rather, we are content to be living witnesses to the truth about Catholicism and the falsehood of all the myths.

The established media have duly noted us: *Time* finds us "conservative" (true enough, when it comes to doctrine, morality, and ecclesial authority), *Newsweek* says we're "cheeky" (probably more true than we realize), and *The New York Times* thinks our editorial policy is "curious" (probably very true, at least from the *Times*'s perspective).

The point is: if you want a Roman Catholic magazine that confounds the conventional stereotypes, then the NEW OXFORD REVIEW is for you. Consider the words of Francis X. Maier, Editor of the weekly *National Catholic Register*: "The NEW OXFORD REVIEW is simply the best publication of its kind in the United States — always provocative, always interesting, always solidly Catholic." If that's what you've been looking for in a Catholic monthly magazine, then help us explode myths and prejudices, and subscribe today!

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was missing on the Eastern front. Her favorite brother had been killed there. Her apartment had been bombed out; she had lost all her possessions. Who would be willing to criticize her for simply noting in her diary the horror she had learned and going on to other things? She had already risked her life by helping Schulenburg.

Under conditions of total war and total terror, it is more than doubtful, in any event, whether effective popular resistance to the extermination would have been possible, even if the facts had been widely known. By 1942, the brave and vigorous were themselves being killed at the Russian front; and the kind of remark that might have led to arrest and temporary incarceration in 1938 would have led to swift execution in 1942. Only an army of saints and martyrs would have been capable of a giant spontaneous uprising "*pour écraser l'infâme.*" But lack of sainthood and of readiness for martyrdom are not unique to Germans, nor have other peoples been subject to continuing reprobation for such deficiencies. Stalin and his successors have by now starved, tortured, and murdered more innocent people than even Hitler, yet we never hear the aspersions that are routinely cast on the Germans cast on the Russians. And rightly so. Just as the Russians were unable to stop the crimes of Stalin, and are unable to stop the crimes in the Gulag, Afghanistan, and elsewhere, so the Germans were unable to stop the crimes of Hitler.

One great merit of Sarah Gordon's study is its emphasis on Hitler's overwhelming responsibility for the deportations and exterminations between 1940 and 1944. "The average American," she says, "or even the typical present day German who did not experience Hitler's tyranny, has little conception of the magnitude and functions of power in a non-democratic state." Hitler was virtually alone, even among the Nazi hierarchy, in being possessed by the psychotic conviction that "Jews were not merely inferior and despicable subhumans . . . [but] were the embodiment of an absolute immutable evil . . . parasites . . . poison . . . an abscess, virus, or contagion."

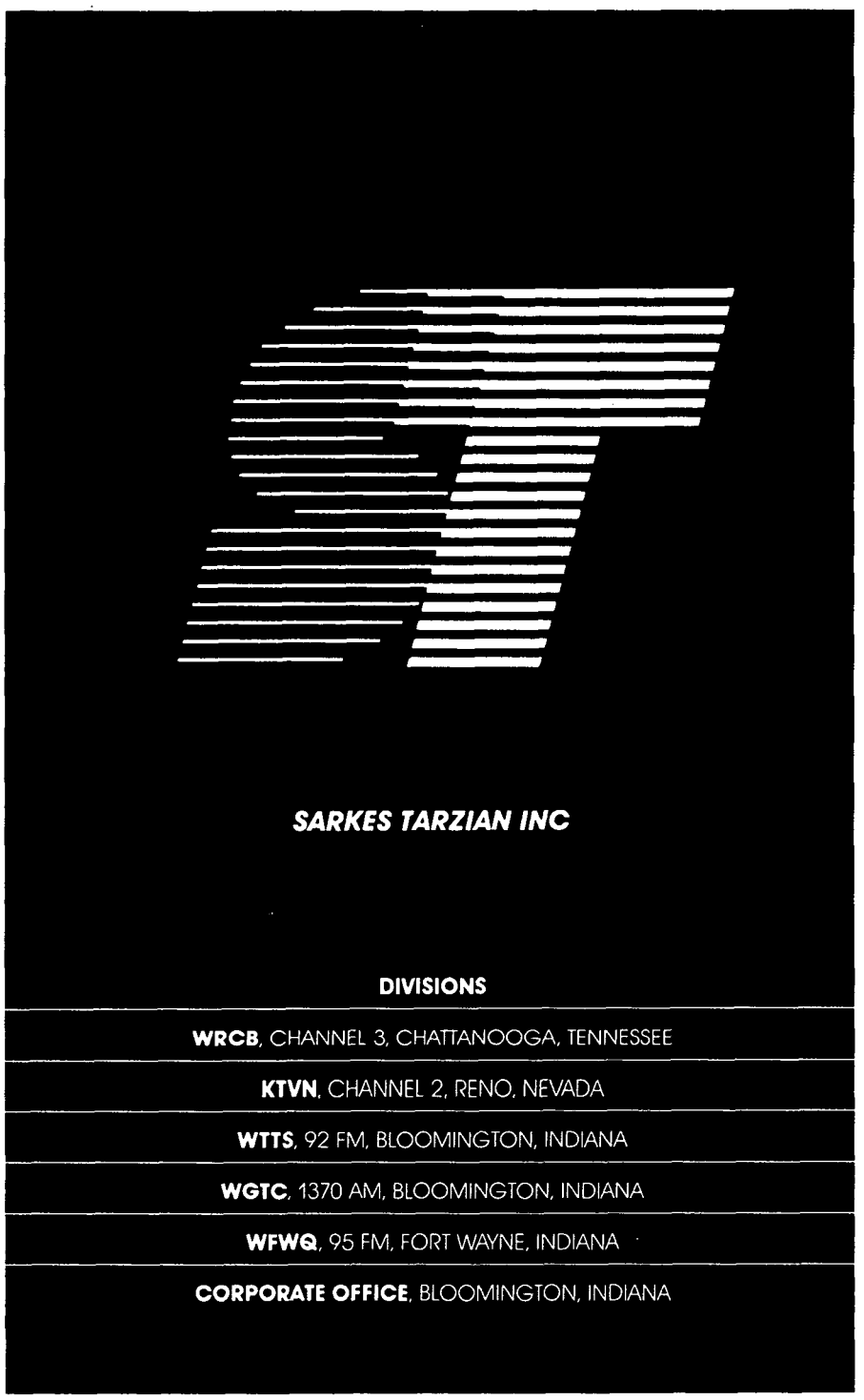
Hitler's obsession was not rooted in, nor comparable with, the marginal strains of anti-Semitism that had their ups and downs in nineteenth-century and Wilhelminian Germany. Quite to the contrary, old time German anti-Semites, of whom "the Court Chaplain," Pastor Adolf Stocker, is a prominent example, far from wanting to kill the Jews, wanted them to abandon their separate ways and become fully assimilated into German life and culture. The Vienna of Hitler's youth contained a few closer models, although the most successful Viennese politician who made anti-Semitism a major issue, Mayor Karl Lueger, enforced scrupulous fairness toward Jews in his city administration. Still, there were Austrian anti-Semites in parliament who, according to Karl Bracher, asked "that a reward be paid to anyone who murdered a Jew and that the property of the victim be awarded to the murderer." I do not believe that these parliamentarians were more than freaks and outsiders, nor do I agree with Sebastian Haffner that Hitler's anti-Semitism bent on extermination existed "only in Eastern Europe from where he copied it." Moreover, pogroms, however beastly, committed by primitive peasants against mysterious strangers, cannot have been the inspiration for Hitler's technology of murder, nor did those murderous peasants have the commensurate ideology.

As far as I know, only Hannah Arendt in *The Origins of Totalitarianism* recognized France of the turn of the century as a main inspiration for Hitler's psychotic anti-Semitism. In fact, the only Western country in which anti-Semitism in the Hitlerian mode ever became a popular movement is France, and if the source of Hitler's dementia can be traced to any country it is to France. Jean Denis Bredin's masterful book on the Dreyfus case, *L'Affaire* (1983), brings the passionate intensity of that popular movement alive. The Dreyfus case was not the cause but only a symptom of anti-Semitic paranoia, of which a high point was a public campaign, launched by Drumont's virulently anti-Semitic newspaper *La Libre Parole*, to permit the widow and orphan of Commandant Henry to sue one of his accusers—after Commandant Henry had cut his own throat, when it ha been established beyond any reasonabl doubt that he had forged one of th crucial documents on which the cas against Dreyfus was founded.

"The subscription," wrote *La Libr Parole*, is "to defend the honor of French officer, killed, assassinated b the Jews." The response to that appea became a triumph. The high and th low, workers, artisans, generals students, doctors, lawyers, and, alas many priests rushed to the defense o the forger and false witness's honor The letters sending contributions bor signature lines such as "one of th Vende who would be happy to take up the gun of his ancestors of 1793 t shoot the Yids who poison France" an "for God, my country, and the exter mination of the Jews. . . ." The con tents of those letters were even worse "A Jew is a 'stinking and malignan beast,' " "vermin," "pest," "a cen tipede," "a microbe," "a tick," "a cancer," "a hideous spider," and "a flea of the synagogue." An army doc tor proposed "to use the Jews fo vivisection rather than inoffensive rab bits." A cook sends his subscription "to roast the Jews." A group of officers suggests that their contribution be used to buy nails to "crucify the Jews." A reserve officer wants "to massacre the dirty Yids." Someone from Baccarat would like to see "all the Yids . . . of his town in big ovens of the Glass Works." Bredin concludes: "At least a latent justification, if not the expectation, of genocide permeates the subscription in memory of Commandant Henry."

The sentiments brought to light by the responses to the campaign of *La Libre Parole* did not grow independently in individual backyards, but had been nourished by a massive campaign carried on primarily by Drumont and Catholic clergy. The quotes just cited could be duplicated by quotes from the newspaper of the Assumptionist Fathers, *La Croix*, which had a circulation of more than 70,000, in addition to the circulation of about 100 papers of the same name and inspiration. While *La Croix* was not the authorized official organ of the French Catholic Church, many of the faithful treated it as such, and the Church did nothing to change their belief. Many issues of *La Croix* incited to murder.

Anti-Semitic violence in France during the 1880s and 90s did not remain verbal only. Street violence broke out with particular vehemence throughout France after the publication of Zola's *J'accuse*. In countless cities mobs of thousands took to the streets crying death to the Jews. They smashed shop windows, looted and attacked synagogues. In many cities this violence raged for several days. These events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were spontaneous and not organized by a totalitarian government.

There were no comparable events in Germany until they were arranged by the Hitler regime. Nor did the kind of virulent anti-Semitism that was embraced by much of the French literary elite—from Céline and Jules Romains on the left, to Drieu la Rochelle, Jouhandeau, and Brasillach on the right—throughout the 1930s and the occupation have any counterpart among German writers of comparable distinction, not even during the Hitler regime.

It is not an idle exercise to rehearse these historical facts. The myths that Hitler and his crimes were the result of "the German character" inevitably following Hegel, Bismarck, the Kaiser, Richard Wagner, Nietzsche, if not Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, that Germany was the nursery of genocidal anti-Semitism, and that the ordinary German shared a heavy responsibility for Hitler's crimes, bedevil our foreign policy here and now. These are myths that are constantly reiterated as the gospel truth. For instance in the *New York Times* of August 22, Herbert Mitgang, in a review of *Hitler: Memoirs of a Confidant*, quotes the following from William Shirer's simplistic history of the Third Reich, in the manner of one proclaiming an unquestionable fact:

> Germany was ready for its Fuhrer. He gave the masses and the centers of power . . . what they wanted: militarism and defense contracts, promises of prosperity and linguistic conquest, racial theories about their own superiority, a scapegoat in the Jews.

Without historical illiteracy the extravagant uproar about President Reagan's visit to the Bitburg cemetery would have been impossible. I am convinced that that uproar came close to wrecking NATO and Germany's place in it.

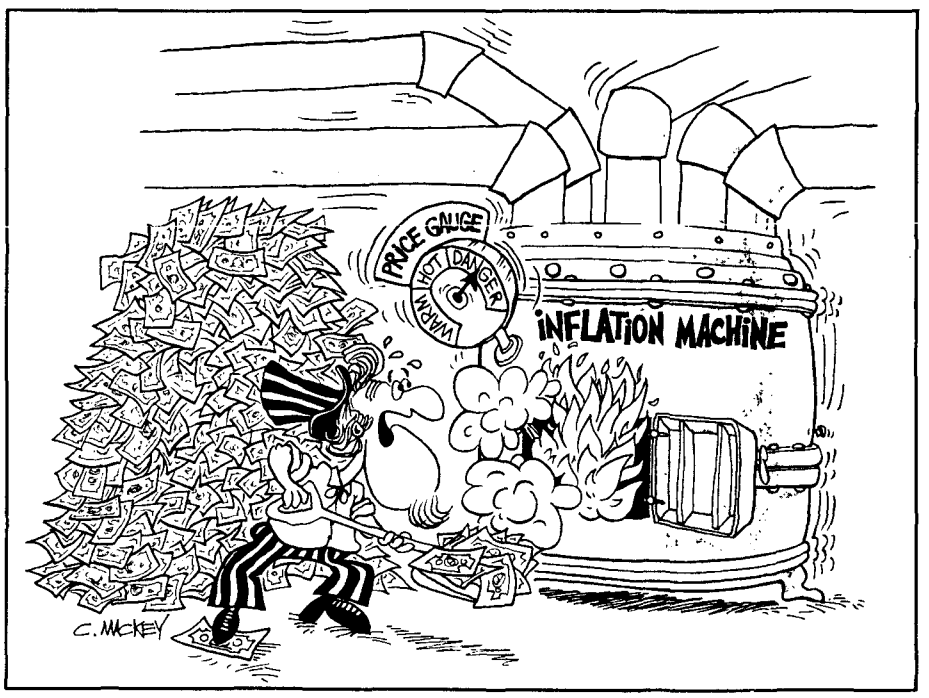
These myths also play a malignant role in Germany itself. Two books, just published, *Germany Today* by Walter Laqueur in this country, and *Le Vertige Allemand* by Brigitte Sauzay in France, permit us to trace the connection between mistaken assumptions about German collective guilt and the prevalence of irrational anti-Americanism, pacifism, and other peculiarities among the German young.

The two books run remarkably parallel in their diagnoses of the Federal Republic today; they differ only in their prognoses: Laqueur is an optimist and Sauzay a pessimist. Both make much of the German need for ideological certainty and perfection, both describe the young's delusion about the moral equivalence of the Soviet Union and the United States and the resulting neutralism and agitation for unilateral disarmament, and both stress the need and search for a sense of national identity.

The misreading of German history, with its attribution of a measure of collective culpability to the Germans, amplifies and perverts that search for national identity. The Greens revel in the horror of the twelve Hitler years. Since the passivity of their parents and grandparents made that horror possible, the young Greens and their fellow-travelers glorify resistance against *any* authority, *any* government, *any* military establishment. Thus, in Brigitte Sauzay's phrase, "the Peace Movement constantly fuses Pershing and Hitler. . . . Having been repressed, the past has become omnipresent. Some Germans want to resurrect it at all costs to make 'reparation' for their derelictions. . . . German Protestants have never been able to accommodate themselves to the human condition. They want to look directly at the sun without blinking." It is no accident that Heinrich Boll and Gunter Grass,

No News Is Bad News

Talk about thankless jobs. During the waning days of the Roman Empire, messengers who brought bad news to Rome from the front were tortured to death.



Of course, this did nothing to improve the military situation. Even worse, it wasn't long before Rome received only good news—or no news at all.

Needless to say, Rome developed a false sense of security. Unaware of the desperate circumstances they faced, the Romans were unable to take corrective action until it was too late. The Empire fell.

Today, America faces a similar threat. The enemy is inflation. And the bad news messenger is a rising price level. Unfortunately, there are those who advise killing the messenger—freezing wages and prices—rather than addressing the root cause of the problem; namely, too rapid a growth of the money supply.

Rising prices don't *cause* inflation, they merely inform us that something, somewhere is very wrong. If we wish to monitor our progress in the battle against inflation, it is critical that prices be free to tell us the bad news as well as the good.

Clearly, you can't deal with a problem if you don't know it exists. Said another way, no news is bad news.

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the most visible postwar German writers, who were overwhelmed by the Nazi past and did more than any historians to resurrect it, have also been major advocates of crippling NATO.

The Marxists, who according to Laqueur have had a belated renaissance in the Federal Republic, also exploit the feelings of collective guilt for their purposes. They dwell on the Nazi crimes, but trivialize them at the same time. "Marxism," says Laqueur, "ought to prove that Hitler and his party had not been free agents, but merely running dogs of monopoly capitalism. It had to show that Hitler's personal role . . . was of little consequence, but that the money he received for Emil Kirdorf and other industrialists was all-important . . . that National Socialism was not a phenomenon *sui generis*, but broadly speaking the same as fascist and reactionary parties elsewhere . . . the same as capitalism, a right-wing, conservative political party." As for resemblances between the Nazi and Communist regimes, they are merely coincidental and at any rate vastly exaggerated by cold warriors.

It is sad to report that the third column attacking NATO's battle for the survival of decency in the world is the German Protestant Church. The wallowing of Protestant clerics in guilt is a bit more understandable than that of other groups, for if any calling can be expected to respond to the challenge of martyrdom it is the priesthood. Yet with heroic exceptions, the Protestant, and only to a somewhat lesser extent the Catholic, clergy were as passive in the face of evil as the laity; and resistance heroes like Martin Niemöller and Dietrich Bonhöffer were matched by some Protestant "German Christian" bishops and other clergy who were vociferous Nazis. In all charity, however, it is difficult to sympathize with German clergy who somehow manage to confuse their hang-ups over the past of their Church and their willful blindness to the exploding toys given by the Soviets to children in Afghanistan.

Not that there are no lessons to be drawn from the past. They are to be found in the human penchant for making use of abstractions in order to be able to ignore the uncomfortable and to pursue the questionable. Thus the German Protestant clergy, like many American liberals, use the abstraction of a past collective German responsibility in their arguments justifying surrender to totalitarianism by unilateral disarmament now. At the same time they manage to convert the concrete crimes of the Soviet government into an abstraction that can be kept in a desk drawer while pursuing the lofty goals of peace and brotherhood. The chief preachers and practitioners of "constructive dialogue" with the Soviets usually do not deny Soviet crimes; they simply choose not to dwell on them. The stench and gore of the Gulag, the deaths of slave laborers during the construction of the Siberian pipeline, are not permitted to intrude into discussions with civilized Soviet economists of the benefits of liberalizing trade.

We should realize that the willingness of so many "good" and anti-Nazi Germans to participate in Hitler's economy and in Hitler's war, even to the point of doing heroic deeds, is not a different phenomenon from that of the willingness of so many well-meaning Americans to participate in Pugwash and countless other conferences, meetings, and seminars with supposedly Russian "opposite numbers" that are carefully selected by the KGB. As those Americans manage to put aside their knowledge of Soviet crimes, so those Germans managed to put aside their knowledge of Hitler's crimes while fighting for the abstractions of "doing their duty," "not letting their comrades down," and a "legitimate" German government.

I know that by spelling out the proposition that the vast majority of Germans, "the Germans" in common parlance, carried no greater guilt for Hitler's crimes than others did for those of Stalin yesterday and of dear Mr. Gorbachev today, I am leaving myself open to violent accusations. It will be said that I am belittling the Holocaust, whitewashing its perpetrators, and displaying "insensitivity" to the ordeal of the victims—including presumably that of my aunt, uncle, and grandmother. But I hope a few readers will understand: While we must at all times and in all places be conscious of the burden of original sin and the role of the Devil in the human condition, we must also know that though we sin every day *cogitatione, verbo, opere et omissione*, we cannot do the Lord's work when obsessed by guilt for past and repented sins. This truth applies equally to the way a country must live with its history and the way nations must deal with one another. Only the Devil can have been amused during the recent Bitburg circus of the American media: He wants us to let the murdered victims of the past make us forget the murdered and tortured slaves of an empire that is still with us. □

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CRIME AND HUMAN NATURE
James Q. Wilson and Richard J. Herrnstein
Simon and Schuster/$22.95

William Tucker

On April 22, 1974, two young enlisted men from the Hill Air Force Base in Ogden, Utah, robbed the downtown Hi-Fi Shop. One of the holdup men, a 20-year-old Trinidadian named Dale Pierre, herded two salesmen and three customers into the basement. He raped one young woman, poured hydrochloric acid down everyone's throat, then shot each victim in the head. He also took the trouble to kick a ball-point pen into one man's ear. Two victims survived, although one suffered extensive brain damage. Net proceeds of the robbery amounted to a few thousand dollars.

Pierre was already under suspicion for another unsolved murder involving a black Air Force sergeant who had accused Pierre of stealing his keys. The sergeant was found the next day with a bayonette driven through his face. An Ogden detective who had questioned the heavily muscled Pierre had found him remarkably impassive. Faced with strong circumstantial evidence, Pierre had simply stared back and denied everything.

Evidence from the Hi-Fi Shop murders quickly led police to Pierre and a young accomplice. They were tried and sentenced to death. The accomplice—who had not taken part in the torture—broke down and cried at sentencing, but Pierre remained impassive. Barely even bothering to deny his guilt, he expressed a bland confidence that his sentence would eventually be overturned on appeal.

A loner since boyhood, Pierre already had a reputation for stealing when he was five years old. Hired at a Texaco refinery at 17, he became the company's first apprentice ever to be fired, for stealing other workers' wallets. His only remaining acquaintance from Trinidad, a platonic girlfriend, recalled him as a strange and distant individual who had wildly unrealistic ambitions about his future, and always met accusations against him with transparently false denials.

Awaiting execution, Dale Pierre busied himself with grandiose schemes for founding multi-million-dollar business enterprises. He changed his name twenty-seven times and formed his own corporation. Only once did

William Tucker is The American Spectator*'s New York correspondent. His new book,* Vigilante: The Backlash Against Crime, *was published in October by Stein and Day.*

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reality seem to dawn on him. After reading a book about the life of billionaire J. Paul Getty, he wrote in his notebook: "It seems that being a businessman is harder than I thought."

Pierre is typical of what James Q. Wilson and Richard Herrnstein identify as the "criminal personality" in this exhaustive survey of what we know about crime and criminals.

In his previous book, *Thinking About Crime*, Wilson, who teaches political science at both Harvard and UCLA, established a reputation as one of the country's leading experts on crime. Herrnstein, professor of psychology at Harvard and author of *I.Q. in the Meritocracy*, brings a psychological expertise to the subject. Together the two authors have surveyed the entire field in a way that will probably serve as a prolegomenon to any future study of criminology.

Wilson and Herrnstein's work centers around a carefully drawn portrait of the criminal personality. The typical criminal, they conclude, is a young male of below-average intelligence, verbally inarticulate, with a mesomorphic (muscular) body type, and—most important—a very short time horizon. Such a person is likely to have shown signs of troublesome behavior as early as three or four years old. He may join a gang or hang around other delinquents, but does not form strong or lasting emotional attachments. In fact, his inability to empathize with other people's feelings seems to be one of the key elements of his criminal activities.

The authors concentrate particularly on the short time horizons of these "present-oriented" personalities. Criminals don't seem to share the same sense of time that most people do. They are extremely impulsive, and cannot or will not postpone gratification. They are unwilling to take responsibility for past actions, and often incapable of making realistic plans for the future.

Such behavior was probably illustrated in a recent report from Jimmy Breslin about a brief conversation with a young criminal in Harlem. "The police aren't fair," the youth told Breslin. Why not? Breslin inquired. "Ah, they come around and pick you up for things you did three months ago," the young man explained. "If they catch you while you're doing it, that's one thing, but three months ago—that's bullshit."

The rewards of crime are usually immediate, while the possibility of punishment is always somewhat distant. For most of us, the possibility of punishment has been internalized enough so that the temptations of crime are not often a serious consideration. For others, the possibility of punishment is real enough to deter their actions. But there is a minority so impulsive and present-oriented that crime is a constant contingency. As the authors say, "To some people a dark street is a source of fear. To others it is an opportunity."

Some ingenious tests have been devised for measuring this sort of behavior. As far back as the 1940s, psychologist S.D. Porteus devised a simple pencil-maze test that he thought could measure intelligence. What he soon found, however, was that certain people would continually cheat on the test by picking up their pencil or running it over the lines, even though there wasn't much at stake and infractions could easily be detected. Porteus soon switched the test to measure impulsiveness and a willingness to cut corners. He found that these qualities corresponded very nicely with criminal behavior.

Even more remarkable is the California Psychological Inventory, developed by Harrison Gough and others at UC Berkeley. An outgrowth of the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, the CPI is a set of 480 true-false questions that measures what Gough calls the "folk concepts" of "social presence" and "self-control."

As defined by Gough, the qualities that are associated with criminality emerge as overvaluation of immediate goals, unconcern for the rights of others, an inability to form lasting personal attachments, apparent lack of anxiety over social maladjustment, poor judgment, a tendency to blame others for mistakes, an almost complete lack of dependability, and "emotional poverty."

The test has been applied all over the world in eight different languages across almost a dozen cultures, and has consistently sorted out people with criminal records. Moreover, the test produces a continuum up and down the social spectrum. Top high school students, medical school applicants, business executives, factory workers, and trained nurses score very highly. Unwed mothers score just above jail inmates. Interestingly enough, psychology and social-work graduate students score only in the low middle of the scale, just above high school students with "discipline problems."

The result of all this, say Wilson and Herrnstein, is that criminal tendencies are a definable phenomenon that can be substantially measured. "Given the complexities in both personality assessment and the criminal justice system," they conclude, "it is the homogeneity of personality in criminal populations that surprises us, not the heterogeneity."

Where the authors tread on the most controversial ground is in their almost foregone conclusion that many of these characteristics are inherited. "There is no 'crime gene,' " they write, but many of these characteristics—low intelligence, mesomorphic body types, verbal inarticulateness—are obviously part of a person's genetic makeup.

This partially genetic explanation is confirmed by studies with adopted children, plus identical and fraternal twins. Children adopted at very early age show criminal behavior that mimics their biological parents more than their adopted parents. In addition, identical twins are more similar in their criminal behavior than fraternal twins when raised in identical circumstances.

Some key factors may also lie in the uncharted regions of the human brain and nervous system. In one remarkable Pavlovian experiment with jail inmates, subjects were exposed to two different ten-second tones. At the end of one tone, a picture of a nude female usually appeared. At the end of the second, the subject usually received a small but painful electric shock. The inmates were measured for anxiety reactions.

Remarkably, serious psychopaths showed *no anxiety*. The connection between the second tone and the electric shock was too simple for anyone to miss, yet the psychopaths showed no physiological anticipation. They do not seem to suffer from the fears and anxieties that most people do.

Covering the whole spectrum, from genetic makeup to historical influences, Wilson and Herrnstein show that although the family obviously has its effect, the evidence is somewhat ambiguous. Many studies have tied high crime with broken homes and the lack

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of a father in the home. High crime rates have also been found in cultures where men have many wives, and children are raised by their mothers in isolation from the father.

Somewhat surprisingly, however, American black teenagers with criminally oriented personalities do not show that much greater delinquency when being raised in female-headed households. More ominously, though, black teenagers *without* strong criminal tendencies *do* show higher rates of delinquency when raised in single-parent homes. With more than half of black children now being raised in female-headed households, the implications for the future are rather alarming.

In fact, it is Wilson and Herrnstein's clear suggestion that the high rates of crime among blacks have much less to do with poverty and discrimination than is commonly supposed. Chinese and Japanese Americans who have suffered almost identical poverty and economic discrimination have remarkably low rates of crime, and Japan itself—where national IQ scores are generally higher than in America—has only about one-tenth our crime rate. Blacks regularly show up as more impulsive, and score about 12-15 points lower than the national average on intelligence tests.

There are obviously cultural differences as well. One study has discovered that black inmates actually feel higher self-esteem as they become more hardened criminals, while the self-esteem of whites becomes lower. Obviously, the simple equation of crime and poverty is flawed. As the authors note: "The argument used by social scientists to explain *low* crime rates among Orientals—namely, being separate from the larger society—has been the same as the argument used to explain *high* crime rates among blacks."

In many ways, Wilson and Herrnstein's effort is a revival of the path-breaking work that Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck did with delinquent boys in the 1940s. The Gluecks mapped out many of the same observations. They noted that delinquent boys tended to be mesomorphs with low intelligence who frequently came from broken homes and were nearly always in trouble at an early age. "The child is father to the man," is a phrase that Wilson and Herrnstein repeat over and over.

The Gluecks' work went out of fashion in the 1950s and 60s with the new wave of "environmentalism" in criminology. These academic scholars emphasized schools, peer groups, gangs, and neighborhoods—even developing an "ecological" theory which said that crime seems to thrive in certain neighborhoods regardless of who lives there. These environmental theories, of course, opened the way to government policies that tried to make physical and social changes that would solve crime. Meanwhile, the justice system and family settings were essentially ignored.

The triumph of environmentalism came in the 1960s, when federal money was poured into "model cities," aid to schools, and "community-participation" anti-poverty programs. The justice system was "deprisonized," and law enforcement was hopelessly entangled by issues of "Constitutional rights." This remaking of the justice system was itself claimed to be an effort to solve crime. Since criminals were only ordinary people caught in unfortunate circumstances, it was argued, proving the state's good faith by making the justice system meticulously fair would win criminals over through a sense of fair play.

Needless to say, none of this worked. In fact, the total effort probably aggravated crime. During this period the economy boomed, institutional racism was weeded out, billions were spent on anti-poverty programs, and prison populations declined by about 10 percent from 1960 to 1975. Yet crime soared by almost 200 percent. As the authors speculate, increased prosperity may actually *encourage* crime because it makes more goods available and loosens social bonds.

Thus it seems clear that environmental policies are a hoax. While improving the economy and bolstering schools and neighborhoods may be worthy ends in themselves, they will not necessarily reduce crime. The problem, say Wilson and Herrnstein, is too deeply rooted in genetics and early family life to be so easily changed.

Just what the policy implications of *Crime and Human Nature* are, however, is not entirely clear. The authors have already anticipated one possible response—that criminal-defense lawyers will start using genetic and early-childhood implications to try to *reduce* punishment even further, on the grounds that criminals are not responsible for their genetic make-up or family life. The authors argue this conclusion would be a misinterpretation—although criminal attorneys may not be so easily persuaded.

What Wilson and Herrnstein do emphasize—refreshingly—is public morality. Nineteenth-century American culture worked against crime by preaching against the very qualities that are associated with it—impulsiveness, irresponsibility, and lack of concern for others and for the future. One of the greatest remaining gaps in our scientific knowledge about crime, the authors say, is "the relationship between religiosity and criminality."

And although Wilson and Herrnstein are somewhat low-key in their emphasis on punishment, it seems clear that we are never going to affect criminal tendencies in the broad range of the population without swifter and surer criminal sanctions. After all, the best way to widen the time horizon of an impulsive, present-oriented individual is to get him thinking in longer periods of time—say around 20-years-to-life.

Although it is difficult to nail down in any controlled experiment, the mockery that has been made of the criminal justice system has certainly had a decisive effect on the expectations of all Americans—both those who depend on the law for protection and those who evade or ignore it. If the law can no longer "keep its promises," as Justice Holmes put it, then it is the deviant and impulsive people who will have the correct interpretations of reality, while the law-abiding majority will be proved wrong.

After all, twelve years after the Ogden Hi-Fi Shop murders, the State of Utah is still in the federal courts trying to carry out its death sentence against Dale Pierre.[1] □

[1]Information about the Ogden case is from *Victim: The Other Side of Murder*, by Gary Kinder, Dell 1982.

CUTTING EDGES: MAKING SENSE OF THE EIGHTIES

Charles Krauthammer/Random House/$17.95

Terry Teachout

Charles Krauthammer, a graceful stylist with an exceedingly sharp mind, is one of the very few journalists around whose best work really belongs between hard covers. Acting accordingly, Random House has just brought out Krauthammer's first book, a collection of essays and articles called *Cutting Edges: Making Sense of the Eighties*. Despite its occasional inconsistencies, *Cutting Edges* is one of the most pleasing books of its kind to appear in a long time.

A senior editor at the *New Republic* and the undisputed star of the essay slot at *Time*, Krauthammer has the kind of perspective not often seen in younger writers. This perspective is clearly a function of diverse experience, his own having included everything from the practice of psychiatry to a tour of duty as speechwriter for Walter Mondale. (No jokes, please.) Krauthammer is clear in his own mind on what he got out of all this:

> Medicine taught me science, a crucial form of literacy without which one misses the singularity of this century. Doctoring taught me about real suffering, which I can now readily distinguish from the more literary forms of anguish. And life in the shadow-and-mirror-world of psychiatry cured me finally of a young man's need for hardness to truth.

Terry Teachout is an assistant editor of Harper's *and a regular contributor to* National Review *and* High Fidelity.

The result, however, is a point of view which is sometimes slightly elusive—even for a *New Republic* editor.

Krauthammer is sound as a bell on the need for making firm moral distinctions. ("Treating people seriously, that is, as adults—whatever their history, their culture, their unconscious drives—means judging what people do and say, not what they intend or feel.") He dismisses with crisp contempt such disparate but philosophically identical phenomena as Grenada's New Jewel Movement and *Jane Fonda's Workout Book*. He is sensible about AIDS, brusquely impatient with comparable worth, quick to praise baseball, even quicker to quote Chesterton. On the other hand, he distrusts capitalism, accepts the inevitability of legalized abortion, and is highly uncomfortable with the social agenda of the New Right and the Moral Majority. There is not the slightest tinge of posturing in his writing: none of the self-conscious hard-nosed tough-minded muscular liberalism that so many of his contemporaries are prone to affect, none of the ludicrous moues with which any number of *New Republic* types diffidently reject the conservative label. Rumor has it that he voted for Ronald Reagan in 1984.

So what is going on here? Krauthammer may be tolerant of ambiguity, but he is by no means limply inconsistent;

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ıough it is hard to triangulate on the ıilosophical position that serves as ıderpinning for all of these opinions, ne does not doubt for a moment that ıere *is* such a position. His essay Whatever Became of the American enter?" suggests that Krauthammer ıinks of himself as a Scoop Jackson emocrat, but he is too smart not to alize that this would make him a inosaur if true. In fact, though rauthammer is not much given to ıtobiography, the introduction to *utting Edges* contains a surprisingly ersonal statement of principle that ears almost everything up:

went to *The New Republic* . . . engaged a struggle for the soul of the Democratic ırty. Uniquely among intellectual organs, *he New Republic* was trying to rescue beralism from its drift toward defeatist olationism, and from its growing confu- on as to American purpose. . . . *The New epublic* was engaged in something dif- rent: a robust, self-confident defense of beral values at home and abroad. A fight wanted to join, and so (after a detour or vo) I joined *The New Republic.*

The only problem with this fight is, f course, that nobody else is in the ng. It is quite true that Krauthammer, ı a well-regulated society, would be ımediately recognized as the kind of beral you can do business with, the ind who is still well within the con- ensus and not lost in the lunatic fringe, ıe kind who agrees with you on most f the eternal verities. The problem is ot with Krauthammer but with beralism itself, which has (depending n which damage report you read) ther disintegrated completely or ered sharply to the left.

Indeed, Krauthammer's dilemma rongly is reminiscent of the long in- llectual journey of Lionel Trilling, ho in his 1949 preface to *The Liberal nagination* argued eloquently for a ıore rigorous in-house criticism of beralism.

e cannot very well set about to contrive ponents who will do us the service of rcing us to become more intelligent, who ill require us to keep our ideas from coming stale, habitual, and inert. This we ill have to do for ourselves. It has for some ne seemed to me that a criticism which ıs at heart the interests of liberalism might ıd its most useful work not in confirm- g liberalism in its sense of general ghtness but rather in putting under some gree of pressure the liberal ideas and sumptions of the present time.

leedless to say, this is an equally ogent description of the current ate of conservatism, which is much ı need of commentators who are more ıterested in playing the kind of role rilling here outlines than in writing yet ıother snappy essay on why liberalism in such lovely disarray. This is the ıle which Charles Krauthammer as edgling conservative means to play, and it is a role which he plays very effectively, especially in his longer essays on such conservative conundrums as Bitburg or the church-state problem.

Good as it is, this book suffers from a single non-ideological flaw: The best things in it are altogether too fine to keep company with the shorter newspaper columns and *New Republic* editorials that Krauthammer has pressed into service as high-class filler. Some of the hit-and-run jobs reprinted here are quite wonderful. ("For the definitive modern case against atheism, I suggest a radically modern experience: watch a Soviet funeral. I do it all the time.") All are full of the kind of startlingly apposite observations that cry out for leisured amplification. In the course of a hasty *Washington Post* column on abortion, for example, Krauthammer tosses off the following paragraph:

A curious thing has happened to the abortion debate. It remains politically hot, but it is intellectually spent. Everyone seems to know both sides of the argument backward and forward. One reason for the exhaustion is that the abortion issue has been—and will be—decided not by the popular branches of government, Congress or the President, but by the Supreme Court, our system's concession to aristocracy. When the outcome of a struggle bears little relation to public opinion or practical politics, debate becomes increasingly autistic.

Whether you're pro-life or pro-choice, it would be hard to better this elegant thumbnail sketch of the *status quo.*

But herein lies the trouble. It is sobering to read an essay like "One Cheer for Capitalism," in which Krauthammer expresses with admirable force his reservations about an economic system which "welcomes, indeed invites, foolish bankers and wheeler-dealers to the market" and "randomly visits misery on selected groups." It is frustrating to find that Krauthammer calls a halt to this stimulating attack after two pages. If Random House had held off for another couple of years before bringing out Krauthammer's first book, we could have had an entire volume of carefully considered full-length essays focusing on the underlying problems of the new political orthodoxy. Instead we get a tantalizing, often brilliant cornucopia of occasional journalism in which there is a bit too much hit-and-run and not nearly enough sustained argument.

Still, what we do have is very satisfactory and exceptionally promising. The kind of criticism Charles Krauthammer is engaging in is exactly the kind of criticism conservatism needs. It's a shame that Krauthammer hasn't discovered a late vocation and abandoned the smelly carcass of liberalism altogether. On the other hand, the present-day American political (and journalistic) scene is full of people with late vocations. Seeing as how Krauthammer is no stranger to mid-life career changes, perhaps we can hope that he will eventually give up on the immortal soul of the Democratic party and make like Jeane Kirkpatrick. There's no hurry. Look at Ronald Reagan. □

CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS: THE DILEMMAS OF MILITARY SERVICE

Eliot A. Cohen/Cornell University Press/$22.50

Harry G. Summers, Jr.

Reviewing my military records prior to retirement, I came across a curious entry long forgotten. Dated in November 1951, it read: "Permission to marry granted." Although an anachronism even then—Congress in response to the Korean War had extended conscription to include married men with minor children—it was a reminder that at one time regular soldiers below the top two enlisted ranks were required to have their commander's permission before they could marry. The regular Army in those days did not tolerate lower-ranking soldiers with either wives or minor children, and female soldiers regardless of rank were automatically discharged if they became pregnant. The regular forces in peacetime were restricted to those available for immediate deployment.

My discovery also brought to mind a rather poignant letter addressed to the Secretary of the Army that passed over my desk when I worked at the Pentagon several years ago. It was from a young female soldier who posed a disturbing question: "When I enlisted in the Army," she wrote, "you said it was okay if I brought my baby with me. Now my First Sergeant tells me that it's not okay and there is neither time nor facilities available to care for my baby. All I want to know from you is, which one of you is right?" She could not know her question was unanswerable: Her First Sergeant and the Secretary of the Army had totally different priorities. The First Sergeant was concerned with his unit's readiness. The Secretary of the Army, on the other hand, was more concerned with the relationship of the Army to society. Indeed since the end of the Vietnam war Secretaries of the Army have tended to see the Army as an instrument not of the battlefield but of social change. In fact, at the time this letter was written, the then Secretary of the Army, Clifford Alexander, had graphically demonstrated what he believed the Army was all about when he countermanded an order that all members of a tank crew speak English while on duty, thus creating a potentially disastrous battlefield situation in which a tank commander could not communicate with his own gunner. If he had seen this soldier's letter (which he did not), he undoubtedly would have reiterated his belief that the promotion of egalitarianism and equal opportunity—not warfighting—was the Army's most important mission.

While such liberal sappiness about the nature of military service is bad enough, even worse are libertarian notions about military service as primarily an economic matter. They are the pernicious legacy of the so-called Gates Commission, appointed by President Nixon in March 1969 and headed by former Secretary of Defense Thomas S. Gates. As Harvard's Eliot A. Cohen points out in his important new book, *Citizens and Soldiers: The Dilemmas of Military Service*, the thinking of the Gates Commission—like the strategies and policies for the Vietnam war—was dominated by systems analysis derived from economics. Cohen reports, "The Commissioner started from the premises that 'conscription is a form of taxation, the power to conscript is the power to tax' . . . [and] the Gates Commission staff even devised mathematical formulae to calculate the precise dollar costs of the 'conscription tax.'

"In this view," notes Cohen (himself a Reserve Army officer, now a visiting professor at the Naval War College), "there was nothing elevated above military service, or indeed any kind of national service. . . . Manpower became a commodity, an input into the machinery of national defense, in the same way that weapons or installations were. The economic approach implied that purely financial motivations could—and ought to—direct an in-

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Harry G. Summers, Jr., author of On Strategy *and the forthcoming* Vietnam War Almanac *(Facts on File), is the senior military correspondent for* U.S. News & World Report.

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dividual's choice about service. . . . The consequences of this attitude . . . would include a transformation of the military's self-conception. Thus, even those (the officer corps) who would probably have served regardless of whether there was a draft found themselves influenced by the ethos of the marketplace."

Cohen's remarks take on a new meaning and a new urgency in the wake of recent events. The nation was shocked this summer by reports that retired Naval officers were willing to sell out their country for economic gain. As if that were not bad enough, an active duty Army lieutenant colonel, a West Point graduate, has been accused of abandoning the ideals of duty, honor, and country in pursuit of a fortune from selling arms to America's enemies. Yet all of these despicable actions fit comfortably with the basic assumptions behind America's decision to eliminate conscription and rely on economic incentives to recruit an all-volunteer force. We are now getting what we paid for—soldiers motivated more by love of money than by love of country.

While we can take comfort in the loyalty and dedication of the overwhelming majority of those who today man our nation's defenses, these recent incidents are a grim reminder that military service cannot be measured solely—or even primarily—in economic terms. The preamble to the Constitution emphasizes that it is the people of the United States who have the ultimate responsibility to "provide for the common defense." In what was then a radical departure from established practices, the Founding Fathers created an armed force that would be an instrument of the people rather than of the state, a belief reinforced by the Second Amendment, which tied the "right of the people to keep and bear arms" to the importance of "a well-regulated militia . . . to the security of a free state." The Militia Act of 1792, which required "every able bodied male citizen between 18 and 45 years of age to be enrolled in the militia," has long since been repealed, but its principles are perhaps even more important today than they were then. Putting a philosophical and theoretical gloss on the innovations begun by the American Constitution, Clausewitz emphasized that in the "modern" world, national security depends on what he called the "remarkable trinity" of the people, the government, and the army. The government is responsible for setting the objectives of national security. The army is the instrument for carrying them out, but it is the people who provide the nation's ultimate strength. Their sons and daughters fill the Army's ranks; their monies equip them for war; and their determination makes it possible to stay the course.

Oxford Professor Michael Howard pointed out recently in *Foreign Affairs* that the advent of nuclear weapons seriously weakened the trinity, for it allowed the idea to grow that national security is not the responsibility of every citizen but is instead something provided by technical experts and esoteric nuclear weapons systems. Ironically, at about the same time the Soviet Union reached nuclear parity with the United States and nuclear weapons were thus reduced in importance as a means of providing for national security, the United States decided to end compulsory military service and thus further weakened the linkage between the people and their army.

Beginning with a historical examination of the relationship between the army and the state, Cohen presents a masterful analysis of the connection between the people and their military. To his great credit, he attempts not so much to provide answers as to illuminate the dilemmas and lay out the difficult questions that must be ad-

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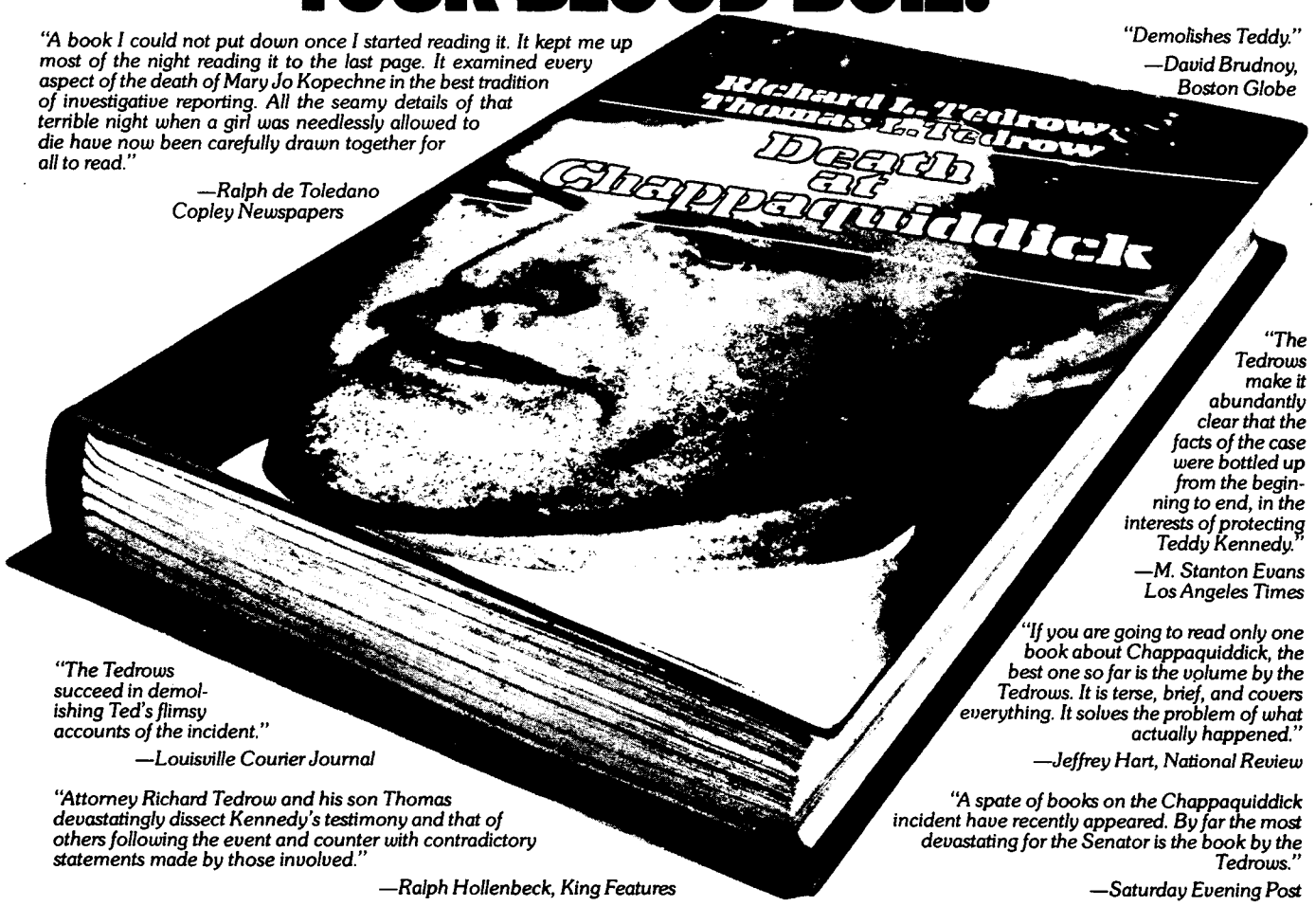

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dressed if we are to continue to provide for the common defense. As he concludes, most of the debate on military manpower "has been characterized by the development of arcane and improbable models, unthinking reliance on the ethics and efficiency of the marketplace, resort to simplistic assertions about American political traditions, manipulation of statistical information, and, above all, a myopic preoccupation with short-term problems and trends."

Cohen's purpose is to replace these misconceptions with a hard-headed critical analysis of the dilemmas of military service. *Citizens and Soldiers* is must reading for all who are concerned with the common defense of our country. □

INVENTING THE DREAM: CALIFORNIA THROUGH THE PROGRESSIVE ERA

Kevin Starr/Oxford University Press/$19.95

Vincent Fitzpatrick

The word "Hollywood" is, in a certain restricted sense, the richest word in the English language of the late twentieth century: That is to say, it evokes in the imagination of nearly every member of our civilization literally thousands of particular faces unspeakably lovely, endearing, or hideous, lighted and magnified from every angle, the architecture and costume of nearly every civilization and era, the music, accents, and slang of every country and subculture the microphone has invaded since Lee deForest laid down a sound track on a strip of film in 1922.

Hollywood the phenomenon appears just before 1920 (that is, at the end) of this second installment of Kevin Starr's multi-volume history, *Americans and the California Dream.* Hollywood itself lies on the southern slope of the hills that divide California's North and South. The San Fernando Valley, even at its southernmost edge, is dotted with the non-Hispanic-named towns of Van Nuys, Woodland Hills, Burbank, and Glendale. So much was the Gold Rush a Yankee invasion that San Francisco had become the literary capital of the nation in the decade following the Civil War, while the first book published in Los Angeles did not appear until 1881—and that was *Reminiscences of a Ranger,* by Major Horace Bell, a Protestant Hispanophile whose hero and literary model was Bernal Diaz, the eyewitness chronicler of the downfall of the demonic Aztec civilization. The South's identity as an integrally Catholic region came to an end with the secularization of the missions and the gradual bankruptcy of the dons. ("The Ticos of Ojai, the Danas of Nipomo, the Sepulvedas of Palos Verdes . . . used to a world of barter and simple credit . . . succumbed to the seductions of compound interest. . . . The Land Act of 1851, which placed upon them the burden of proving title to their holdings, ensnared them in the courts for years, and they sold off acre after acre to pay legal fees.") But its imaginative life remained Spanish, and its primary mode of social thought became utopian.

Vincent Fitzpatrick, of Human Life International in Washington, D.C., was a writer at Santa Fe Communications in Hollywood, California.

The mission myth of Catholic California was crystallized in 1884 by a New England lady named Helen Hunt Jackson, who arrived in 1881 to write articles for the *Century* magazine on California's outdoor industries: bees, sheep, citrus, olives.

The sunny Mediterraneanism of it all soothed her ever restless nerves. . . . Bishop Francisco Mora of . . . Los Angeles, to whom she had a letter of introduction, referred Mrs. Jackson to Don Antonio de Coronel and his young wife Mariana. . . . Brought to Southern California as a teenager in 1834, Don Antonio, in semi-retirement when Mrs. Jackson met him, had had a varied career. . . . In 1846, during the resistance, he had been commissioned by the embattled Californian government to ride to Mexico City with American flags captured in battle. In the new regime, Don Antonio served as mayor of Los Angeles in 1853 and state treasurer in 1867. Turning to antiquarianism in middle life, he filled his home with the artifacts of Old California. Dressed in Mexican costume, he and Mariana . . . would perform the old dances and sing the old Spanish songs.

Although her more youthful writings about the Church of Rome "ran in the Whore of Babylon vein," by May of 1883 Jackson was publishing an essay in the *Century* entitled "Father Junipero [Serra] and His Work," which "shows a total sympathy with the context and purposes of Spanish Catholicism. Already for her—and because of her, eventually for all of Southern California—the days of the padres shimmered in a golden haze of mingled myth and memory, free of fanaticism and injustice, their cruelty and pain forgotten."

But Helen Hunt Jackson was no mere glorifier of the past. From 1879 to her death in 1885, she devoted her life to the cause of the Indians:

After extensive research in the Astor Library of New York, she assembled what was in effect a massive legal brief regarding violated Indian rights, *A Century of Dishonor* (1881), and sent it at her own expense to government officials and members of Congress. So well known was Mrs. Jackson as an expert on Indian affairs that in 1883, while she was in Southern California, she received a commission from the Department of the Interior to investigate the condition of the Mission Indians.

The resulting *Report* (1883), written in collaboration with Abbott Kinney (the visionary creator of the now monumentally tacky Venice), uncovered more recent offenses against Indian property and lives. It was ignored. In her frustration, Mrs. Jackson resolved to write an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for the Mission Indian. The result, *Ramona,* tells the tale of a lone surviving Catholic ranch, preserving the old culture into the 1860s, despite the Yankees' race hatred and the depredations of their land courts.

A paradox, obviously, was involved in turning into a founding fable a story whose central characters either hated or were being destroyed by Americans. . . . *Ramona* made some atonement to Spanish California by acknowledging what had been done; meanwhile, it availed itself of the Spanish past for its own purposes. Henceforth, the mission era was part of American history.

Ramona was a major component of Southern California's self-consciousness into the thirties, no doubt helped by a 1927 movie version, and its popular theme song. A Ramona Pageant at Hemet began during Helen Hunt Jackson's lifetime, ran for years, and was followed by other such celebrations of the mission past. The most spectacular of these was conceived by Frank Miller, the builder of the fantastic Mission Inn in Riverside. *The Mission Play* cost $1.5 million to mount—in 1912. The opening-night front row included the union-busting Harrison Gray Otis of the *Los Angeles Times,* Henry Edwards Huntington of the Southern Pacific, and Bishop Thomas James Conaty of Los Angeles. By 1929, the pageant had been seen by 2.5 million people. The play's author, John Steven McGroarty, was a Presbyterian who "fell so much under the spell of Franciscan California that he converted to Catholicism—which is a paradox, because the mission myth was an essentially Protestant creation for an essentially Protestant Southern California."

McGroarty, for instance, used to give speeches in Protestant churches extolling the padres. . . . "They took an idle race and put it to work—a useless race that they made useful in the world." The mission myth depicted Spanish California as a busy utopia, with no labor troubles and with Father Junipero Serra as the original booster.

Helen Hunt Jackson was by no means the most industrious or eccentric of California's mythmakers. But she seems nearly singlehandedly to have set in motion the dual process by which displaced Yankees like herself embraced California's Franciscan past and, quite naturally, began to look to the Mediterranean, rather than New England, as an inspiration for original American modes of clothing, architecture, decoration, and food appropriate to California.

One center of this dual search was Pasadena. Among early residents were the widow of James Garfield and the orphaned children of John Brown. Walter Raymond, a Boston travel magnate, opened the Hotel Raymond in 1886, with "two hundred rooms, elegant service, catering exclusively to Raymond and Whitcomb tours, which introduced a large number of wealthy Easterners to the delights of Southern California." By 1894 the Mount Lowe Incline carried visitors five thousand feet up into the San Gabriel Mountains, where the snow remained year-round, and a three-million-candle power searchlight pierced the sky or picked out prominent sights below. *Land of Sunshine,* edited by Charles Fletcher Lummis, while publishing the writings of several rather strident feminists, also "featured a continuous array of photographs depicting the joys of domestic life in the Southland: a woman seated, book in lap, by a window opening out on a spacious garden; a young girl, in the lavish starched white pinafores and oversized floppy hair bows of the period, petting her dog in the shade of a palm tree . . .

Pasadenans envisioned themselves establishing standards of lifestyle for the rest of Southern California. Through all the variations of their middle-class life—from the Valley Hunt Club to the Arroyo Culture—Pasadenans sought the emblematically genteel. . . . Organizations such as the Social Purity Club, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and the Shakespeare Club upheld a sense of heritage braced by a conviction of white upper-middle-class Protestant caste, raised at the time to a high level of defensive self-consciousness because of the wave of European immigrants arriving in the East,

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Catholic and Jewish, and labor troubles in Los Angeles, Catholic and Jewish also. *Pasadena Daily News* editor Lon Chapin, editorializing in 1907, took pride in "the high character of citizenship that has made the city what it is: Beautiful, Cultured, Moral, and Esthetic." When the opera or symphony played in Los Angeles, the Pacific Electric Railway ran special cars to and from Pasadena. Writers like Frank Pixley, Bronson Howard, Thomas Nelson Page, Gertrude Potter Daniels, Ella Wheeler Wilcox—forgotten today, but in their time the rage of middlebrow America—made their homes in this "Western clearing house of Eastern genius."

If there was a touch of conflict even in Pasadena's search for an aesthetic ideal, it was as nothing to the bitterness of the struggle to break the domination of the Southern Pacific. From 1907, the League of Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican Clubs was the core of the Progressive Movement, and the League remade California politics although it never exceeded one hundred members. The stranglehold maintained by the "SP" over California's transportation, utilities, physical development, and politics appears like a James Ridgeway "Age-of-Reagan" hallucination come true. Starr manages to make the tangled story comprehensible, and every major character (as throughout the book) is full, round, and colorful. In both San Francisco and Los Angeles, the Progressives managed to depose SP mayors and install "Olympian, reconciling father-figures": In Los Angeles, the man was George Alexander, Scottish-born, seventy years of age in 1909.

This "wonderful old man" (to quote the Progressive weekly review *California Outlook*) threw himself with remarkable energy into the work of reform. There was a flurry of firings and appointments as Alexander cleaned out Harper appointees who had not had the sense or the decency to resign. Alexander rooted out irregularities in the harbor and aqueduct projects and persuaded the voters to set up a board of public utilities to regulate rates in an open, fair manner. Not even the Los Angeles dog pound escaped his reforming notice. The new mayor also told the new police chief to rid the city of prostitution. As the police closed in upon previously protected establishments, Pearl Morton and her girls boarded a train for San Francisco, which after a raft of sensational graft trials was beginning to grow weary of virtue.

By 1910, the Progressives had captured the state, and broken the power of the SP through the direct nomination of candidates. But [m]idway through Alexander's second term, Los Angeles city prosecutor Guy Eddie—a vigorous warrior against vice, gambling, and illegal liquor sales, a closer of salacious cabaret and vaudeville shows, and a leader in the Good Government Group—was himself arrested on a scandalous morals charge. Aside from the embarrassment involved, the Progressives were left without a successor to the aging Alexander.

As the Progressives lost elections and were reabsorbed into the Democratic and (mainly) Republican parties, where they were not entirely welcome, Progressive Hiram Johnson managed to be elected to a second term as Governor of California, and then to the U.S. Senate, where he served as a Republican. The tone of Johnson's rise to national office in 1912 was set by a disastrous swing through California by Republican candidate Charles Evans Hughes, during which he assiduously pushed the theme of Republican "unity," managing in the process to snub the Progressives continually, and Johnson personally on at least three occasions. The Progressive-Republicans sat on their hands that November, and Wilson carried California, the swing state.

For offending Hiram Johnson, Hughes forfeited [the Presidency]. And yet Hiram Johnson, now heading for Washington . . . was alone as never before. At a dinner held in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco on 8 July 1916, with Johnson himself presiding, the Progressive Party ceremonially disestablished itself. . . . Johnson went to the Senate as a Republican—but also as the man who had caused the defeat of Charles Evans Hughes. Johnson trusted no one, and there were fewer and fewer who trusted him. Twenty-eight years in the Senate rendered Hiram Johnson a solitary, inaccessible figure, an anachronism in the frock coat and high celluloid collar of an earlier day—the days of the Progressives.

Then there is Hollywood. Was it the inevitable child when sunny skies, Franciscan missions, Protestant boosterism, and Jewish immigrant ambition were mated to a machinery capable of projecting dreams before millions without the mediation of concepts or (for its first thirty years) any but incidental language? Knowing, as an inhabitant, the nation that Hollywood has helped to create, and seeing, through Starr's work, what was developing in California in the seven decades before, one cannot escape heartache. But that is the mark and the price of truth. □

NEXT MONTH:
BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

MAILER: HIS LIFE AND TIMES

Peter Manso/Simon and Schuster/$19.95

Andy Stark

In her *New York* review of *Mailer: His Life and Times*, a new "oral biography" by Peter Manso, Rhoda Koenig remarks on the vast voyage Norman Mailer has undertaken in order to get from "nice Jewish boy" to "romantic outlaw"—the point from which he has always operated as a writer. (Koenig then expresses her wish that Mailer, and men in general, settle on some point in between.) Yet over its six-hundred-odd pages, the book under review (which is a compendium of personal reminiscences about Mailer) sounds a recurring, disturbing demurral about both the wisdom and the success of Mailer's voyage:

> Maybe he wanted to be a great prizefighter . . . the thumb-wrestling (or head-butting) champ in the room, but these things always seemed to me to be a type of veneer—poses, guises. When you see Norman reading from his work, explaining what he's up to, with those little spectacles on, that's another Mailer entirely, and the true and the best one.
>
> —George Plimpton

> He was . . . a little scared (of the wildness and irrationality of the sixties), because, I think, there's always been in Norman a rational, Jewish son who has his wits about him.
>
> —Irving Howe

> Perhaps he didn't want to be perceived as another Jewish writer; that's fair enough. But it's still extraordinary that someone who regards himself as a fearless spiritual adventurer avoids and evades what is perhaps the most relevant spiritual adventure of his life. I know he wants to see himself as the existential hero without ties to the past. But we all come from somewhere, and Norman Mailer, obviously, does not come from ancient Egypt.
>
> —Norman Podhoretz

Some of his closest friends, apparently, suspect that Norman Mailer has never actually negotiated the passage from intellectual, bespectacled, cautious Jew to violent, head-butting sexual adventurer. Yet it is as the latter, and with the latter's assumed experience, that Mailer has always written.

Arguably, then, Norman Mailer's life has been inauthentic as experience, and consequently his fiction has been inferior as art. But before one can draw this conclusion, it is necessary to come to grips with this so-called and obviously widely assumed gulf between Jewish experience and literary sensibility on the one hand, and the life and art of sex and violence on the other. Such a gulf was not always apparent; certainly, it was not apparent to the character "Stingo" in *Sophie's Choice*, situated as he was by William Styron, with the benefit of hindsight, in immediate postwar Brooklyn. Stingo is a Southern writer, which means that he is an indigenous American writer, who slowly realizes that the power of the fiction his own experience can sustain is being dwarfed by that of the postwar Jew. In the realm of sex, in the realm of violence, and in the realm of literacy, he is the inferior of the Jewish "hero." Certainly, whatever it was about Stingo that allowed him to see the romantic, the outlaw, and the literate Brooklyn Jew all combined in the psychopathic Nathan, has been lost on those who tax Mailer from the postwar literary convention that "Brooklyn Jew" and "romantic outlaw" signify different worlds. Significantly, though, Mailer is not attacked only by those who see the two worlds as irreconcilable. Many postwar critics and writers who have made it their business to effect rapprochements between sexuality and Jewishness, or to note points of contact between violence and the children of Israel, also abjure Mailer. They attack him, though, not for failing to honor the irreconcilability of the two realms, and so, as a Jew, necessarily writing inauthentically about sex and violence. Rather, they attack him for the opposite: for failing to honor the unity of the two realms, and so doing the American Jew a disservice by ignoring his darker side of sex and violence.

Thus Philip Roth, who has taken repeated pride in having disgorged from his mind a "lusting Jew, [a] Jew as sexual defiler, an odd type in recent fiction, where it is usually the goy who does the sexual defiling," disparages Mailer for having failed to effect a merger of his own between Jewishness and sexuality: "It is [always] the Jew," Roth writes, "that says 'No, no, restrain

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yourself' [against] . . . grandiose lusts and drives. To which prohibition Malamud adds 'Amen,' but to which Mailer replies 'Then I'll see ya 'round.' "

As with the gulf between sex and Jewishness, so with that between violence and Jewishness. There is a perception that Mailer has been oblivious to a postwar *convergence* of the two, and has consequently chosen to embrace violence and renounce his Jewishness. This is the substance of one of Alfred Kazin's reminiscences in *Mailer*:

> It's all very well to speak about the Jew being timid and for Norman to say he doesn't want to be a nice Jewish boy. I know all that—I've been through it. But the big change in the last few years is that Jews themselves have become killers. It's one of the reasons people like me are not friends of Menachem Begin.

To Roth and Kazin, then, Mailer has simply missed out on the postwar wedding of sex, violence, and Jewish literary sensibility that Styron's Stingo mourned as the great loss of his life. To Irving Howe and George Plimpton, by contrast, he has failed to observe their uneasy divorce.

Everyone has his own agenda in these discussions, of course, which accounts for the contradictions in criticism. Nevertheless, since no one else is doing so, let me take up the defense of Norman Mailer, first against those who accuse him of having ignored the convergence between sex, violence, and the postwar American Jew, and then against those whose criticism relies on the underlying divergences between the romantic, the outlaw, and the Jew. To Philip Roth, on the marriageability of sexuality and Jewish heroes: Anybody could, in 1969, have created an erstwhile *yeshiva-bokher* who ploughs through shiksa after shiksa. It's another thing to have created, as Norman Mailer did in 1959, a frigid nineteen-year-old Jewish girl who becomes the ultimate object of the lust of a blond blue-eyed Catholic Greenwich-Village bull-fighting instructor. A lusted-after Jew. A defiled Jew. Here is Jew as believable *object* of *goyische* lust, not subject—I can't think of one by Philip Roth.

On violence: While Alfred Kazin has been busy grieving over the postwar migration of the Jew from the cowardices and courages of the victim, to the cowardices and courages of the violent, Norman Mailer has been end-running him. For Mailer has spent much of his time questioning almost every accepted connection between courage, cowardice, violence, and victimhood. This is an endeavor about which there should be absolutely no question as to its central importance for postwar Jewish self-understanding. For example, Mailer wrote in "The White Negro" (1957):

> It can of course be suggested that it takes little courage for two strong eighteen-year-old hoodlums, let us say, to beat in the brains of a candy-store keeper, and indeed the act . . . is not likely to prove therapeutic, for the victim is not an immediate equal. Still, courage of a sort is necessary, for one murders not only a weak forty-year-old man, but an institution as well; one violates private property, one enters into a new relation with the police and introduces a dangerous element into one's life. The hoodlum is therefore daring the unknown, and so no matter how brutal the act, it is not altogether cowardly. . . .

Tellingly, Philip Roth wrote of this very passage that "these few lines . . . should make it clear why Jewish cultural audiences, which are generally pleased to hear Saul Bellow and Bernard Malamud identified as Jewish writers, are perfectly content that by and large Norman Mailer . . . should go forth onto the lecture platform and the television shows as a writer *period.*" Perhaps. Or perhaps Jewish cultural audiences recognize in such a passage not a siding with the violent hoodlum against the Jewish property-owner, but an exploration of the very ideas of victimhood, violence, courage, and cowardice which, however wrongheaded, fully engages them as Jews, because these ideas are central to their experience.

So much for the writer and the critic, Roth and Kazin, who decry Mailer's inability to discern the sex and violence integrated into postwar Jewish experience. What of the memoirists and reviewers of Mailer, Howe and Koenig, who deny such an integration, who either lament the fact that Mailer has not written from his experience as a Jew, or who laugh at the false and stylized masculinity in his writing? Again, such attacks are too unquestioning. On Jewish experience, for example, Mailer himself has written, "If I, as a Jew, am writing about other Jews, and if my knowledge of Jewish culture is exceptionally spotty, as indeed it is, I am not so sure that that isn't an advantage in creating a modern American Jew. Because *his* knowledge of Jewish culture is also extremely spotty, and the way in which his personality is composed may be more in accordance with my ignorance than a cultivated Jew's immersion in the culture. So in certain limited ways, one's ignorance can help buttress the validity of a novel." In his own mind, at least, Mailer has not fled from Jewish experience; rather, his view is that postwar American Jewish experience has itself been a flight from Jewish experience. To ignore "Jewishness," and to concentrate on those aspects of American life that Jews have long quested after and are now winning, is to be keenly faithful to postwar Jewish experience.

As far as his stylized masculinity is concerned, Mailer's first use for it has been neither as substitute for real experience, nor as subject of his art. Rather, it has rested between the two: He views it as a discipline conducted in everyday life as part of the craft of writing. His recurring description of the novel as an elusive object of the novelist's seductive powers ("bitch" is the word he uses) is illuminated by E.L. Doctorow's observation in *Mailer* that "that aspect of Norman—his private side of drinking and fighting . . . the spell of Hemingway" is connected to his "work, since writing itself is an act of courage. . . . No matter how many books you write, there's a voice that says you're not good enough. . . . And for a writer, one way of coping is by getting into the habit of tearing off your shirt and facing the bullets; it tones up the whole person in terms of pain and danger and elicits that ability to overcome whatever resistance there is in yourself to writing well and truly." Mailer's masculinity is practiced and stylized precisely because it is a practice, it is a style. It is part of the discipline of writing. What he sees as the masculine qualities—courage, love of danger, relentlessness—are necessarily first and foremost those of the artist, not of the man. Mailer thus does not have a false life's experience as a pretended romantic outlaw, nor is he really nothing but a bespectacled Jewish writer. Rather, by

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his own lights, Mailer is a Brooklyn Jew in his experience, which is the experience of a non-experience, and a romantic outlaw as a writer, because that is what a writer must be.

It is hard, though, not to note one imbalance between life and art in Norman Mailer. It has to do with time: I had a friend in graduate school whose dissertation was on a particular historical event; the dissertation takes longer to read than the event itself took to happen. One finds this affliction, if it is an affliction, all too often in Mailer's prose about sex. I would like to propose a neoclassical unity of time for fiction analogous to the classical unity of time for drama: A description of, or an allusion to, a given act should not take longer to read than the act takes to perform.

According to this unity, that writer approaches perfection in conveying his particular vision of the acts of sex as he manages to capture them in fewer and fewer words. Ideally, one word will make it, and the greatest of all writers about sex have found their word. When Milan Kundera reports that in the experience of all the male friends of the hero of one of his books, the one word women most frequently utter during lovemaking is "No!", he uses that one word to carry an unmistakable understanding of sexual relations. As with Kundera's "no," so with the Bible's "know." Lawrence, as well, used only one word, so that while Mailer offers us an endless cascade of words which drown and disfigure and distract from the act he is describing, Lawrence made that one word into a jewel reflecting every reader's experience of the act back to him. This is not because the suggestive is necessarily more exciting than the explicit. It is because the symbolic is more powerful than the literal and belabored. This is why Lawrence is a far greater writer about sex than Mailer.

At this stage, then, if we judge Norman Mailer on criteria against which he would want to be measured—not by the fidelity of his art to his life, but by the light his art shines on life itself—he is good. But he has taken the road not chosen by the greatest. □

CRAMPTON HODNET
Barbara Pym/E.P. Dutton/$14.95

William McGurn

For those who have ever stumbled upon some unexpected treasure, there are few things more maddening than the effort to convey the full importance of one's find to one's friends and acquaintances—if, that is, one wishes these friends and acquaintances to remain such. Regarding my own discovery of the British novelist Barbara Pym, it has been all the more maddening to know far better than these same friends and acquaintances just how much they would benefit from this discovery, if only they would *try* it.

So what's a reviewer to do?

"Whatever you do," said my mother, "don't compare her to Jane Austen. *Everyone* compares her to Jane Austen."

Mother, of course, has a point. But it's not hard to see why the ghost of Jane Austen has been invoked so frequently. For one thing, Miss Pym's novels are populated by much the same characters found in Miss Austen: determined old busybodies, aging dons getting fuzzy in the head, all manner of curates and vicars, young women on the prowl for husbands, and, not least, women who have given up the search but live it vicariously through their myriad nieces. More to the point, Miss Pym shares with Miss Austen the understanding that the human heart is much the same everywhere. The English drawing room is thus as good a place for the study of the human animal as any.

Crampton Hodnet is the latest addition to the Pym canon, published earlier this year, little more than five years after her death. Originally written during the Second World War, the manuscript lay dormant for about four decades because the author considered it somehow "dated." That E.P. Dutton chose to go ahead and publish it is a sign that even in the days when *Thin Thighs in Thirty Days* competes with *Eat to Win* for the top of the best-seller list, the law of averages occasionally works to our advantage. Though the book is a tad overwritten, and though the characters are somewhat raw compared with those of Miss Pym's later works, *Crampton Hodnet* is, as she herself noted, as good as anything she ever did. As she also added, it is "rather funny"—in fact, it is probably her funniest.

Set in the North Oxford of the 1930s, the book opens with a tea party given by Miss Dogget, an 80-year-old spinster whose "chief work in life was interfering in other people's business and imposing her strong personality on those who were weaker than herself." Miss Dogget's domain is Leamington Lodge, from which she does her best to keep up The Virtues That Made England Great. But it is through her paid companion, Miss Jessica Morrow, that the narrative is told.

The story gets going when the new curate in town, Mr. Latimer, takes a room at Leamington Lodge, seeking respite from the unwanted attentions of innumerable women, attentions he deems unsuitable for his calling. His introduction to Miss Morrow is a comedy of errors, and he begins to worry when he finds himself oddly attracted to this "thin, used-up looking woman in her mid-thirties." When the two quite innocently get lost coming home from a fair, causing Mr. Latimer to miss evensong, he tells the vicar's wife a preposterous story about visiting a fellow cleric at a place called Crampton Hodnet. Miss Morrow is shocked, first by the vision of a cleric telling a lie, more so that it wasn't even a decent lie. For her the mythological village becomes a symbol: "The whole affair seemed a little suspicious—rather Crampton Hodnet was how she put it to herself. Oh, yes, distinctly Crampton Hodnet."

The other major attachment in the book occurs between a dreamy young pupil, Barbara Bird, who falls in love with her tutor, Francis Cleveland, a don at Randolph College who has the added misfortune of being Miss Doggett's nephew. Though Francis has made several generations of women swoon with his recitations of poetry, Miss Morrow correctly sees him as something of a harmless old bore. Nonetheless, Miss Bird—the victim of an overly romantic (but ultimately arid) nature—in her youthful egotism firmly believes Francis married wrong, and her abstract conceptions of True Love blind her to the practical but real charms of Mrs. Cleveland. "One couldn't imagine them reading poetry together, she thought, this being her main idea of a happy marriage." Nor, having learned this, could one imagine being happily married to Barbara Bird.

Upon these two mismatches the novel turns, with Miss Morrow even receiving a half-hearted proposal from Mr. Latimer (which she turns down). In the process almost everyone in the book becomes involved in everyone else's business, and vicious rumors are circulated masked as expressions of concern. "Clever people," observes Miss Morrow, "were inclined to be fond of spiteful gossip and intrigue."

Clever or no, the romances take their toll on the involved, as each would-be lover finds his experience not quite what had been imagined and certainly not what his relatives were inclined to believe. Great expectations are dashed, and the homey drawing room that the romantics originally saw as repressive grows in allure as the storybook examples of love reveal little substance behind them. By story's end, everyone is searching for a diplomatic way out.

The story of these mismatched lovers and their painful loves is told with a keen sense of human foibles, muted by the English penchant for understatement. Miss Pym's clergyman is given to make "curately jokes"; Francis Cleveland occupies himself with a volume about one of his ancestors, which he has been working on for the past twenty-five years; and by and large one learns the quirks of all the others, most of them harmless, all of them human. Throughout, Miss Morrow penetrates to the core of the other characters—mostly, this means to their faults—without surrendering herself to cynicism. If anything, she seems rather more fond of people once she has assessed their weak spots.

As behind all farce, however, there is the hard edge of sadness. Miss Morrow's sagacity, for example, is obviously in direct proportion to her plainness; just as the blind sometimes develop an extraordinary sense of smell and touch, Miss Morrow's plainness seemed to have increased her powers of observation. Whether Miss Pym has used Miss Morrow as an alter ego I cannot say, but I do know that, unlike at least some of the women, the men of *Crampton Hodnet* all emerge as frivolous. At best, with Francis Cleveland, they are people of "a comfortable, easy occupation" who don't bother other people too much. That's at best.

Yet sadness hovers everywhere; most of all over the circus, and what separates Miss Pym from the rest is that she does not let an accurate perception of human nature degenerate into contempt for human beings. "One must be reasonable and remember that falling in love is never ordinary to the people who indulge in it," says Miss Morrow. "Indeed, it is perhaps the only thing that is being done all over the world every day that is still unique." In a world that holds out the choice of laughing at or cursing our fates, the woman who can write these words has chosen the wiser—and far more entertaining—of the two. □

William McGurn is editorial page features editor of the Wall Street Journal/Europe *and a European editor of* The American Spectator.

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THE RED FOX
Anthony Hyde/Alfred A. Knopf/$17.95

FIRST LOYALTY
Richard Lourie/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/$17.95

Cynthia Grenier

In these days of treason chic, when the Guy Burgesses and other traitors of yesterday are being treated with a kind of gentle indulgence—as witness *Another Country, Pack of Lies, The Jigsaw Man, An Englishman Abroad, The Human Factor*—it is exciting to discover a novel, *The Red Fox*, whose very essence is an examination, and condemnation, of idealistic Westerners who spy for totalitarian governments.

What makes the discovery doubly exciting is the fact that *The Red Fox* is a main selection of the Literary Guild and is about to be published in fifteen other countries. Which means there is every reason to expect that Anthony Hyde's penetrating analysis of how idealistic men became traitors to the societies that nurtured them is going to reach a singularly wide readership.

The Red Fox revolves around a suspenseful treasure hunt for millions in gold certificates stashed away by a former Soviet spy master, Harry Brightman, who late in life has finally met his Kronstadt. Brightman as a character is, shall we say, "inspired" by the likes of Armand Hammer, or Hammer's father, a man who has become a millionaire, trading first in furs with the Soviets in the early post-Revolution days, who has paid the price for his beliefs and wealth by long years of enforced treason, and who now seeks "only to live out my life with no more shame than I already feel."

While giving us all the usual trappings of a thriller—suspense, high adventure, violence, vivid descriptions of cities as diverse as Detroit and Leningrad—Hyde is a serious novelist with a serious story to tell. As a first novel, it does have its awkwardnesses and moments of implausibility—no more, to be sure, than most exemplars of the genre. But in a sense they serve to set off all the better Hyde's lucid analysis of the standard collection of pro-Soviet apologetics. He has a splendid appraisal of the Hitler-Stalin pact:

> Sometimes you hear people say it was the fault of the French or the British, that they wouldn't do a deal with the Bolshevik so he had to fall in with Hitler; [however,] the British couldn't give [Stalin] half of Poland, Latvia, Estonia, all the rest of it—but the Nazis could and that was the key. That was why he loved Hitler so dear and turned over the German and Polish CPs to the Gestapo.

Hyde paints a brilliantly damning portrait of an American foreign service officer in retirement, conjured up in some degree no doubt by a Michael Straight or an Alger Hiss, a man now spiritually bereft. The narrator reflects:

> These former beliefs, however briefly held, may nonetheless have been the only beliefs he'd ever had in his life. Today, even if he thought them ridiculous, he might have nothing else to fall back on. Except Hitler, of course, I wondered if that wasn't the most enduring legacy of the Nazis: their horrors had become a virtually limitless excuse for the lesser horrors of the others.

Perhaps the most perceptive comment in the book comes from the long disillusioned Brightman on the run:

> Do you know what a Communist is, Mr. Thorne? How can you spot him? Pick him out of a crowd. Let me tell you. It's very simple: a Communist is that person who can most skillfully justify the greatest number of the murdered dead. Which makes me a *failed* Communist. Undoubtedly, I can still murder and maim, but I could no longer *justify* it—I've lost the greatest skill I could once claim to possess.

While Hyde's gifts for character and political perception are undeniable, one would now like to see him use these talents in a serious, non-genre novel.

Interestingly enough, September also saw the publication of another novel, *First Loyalty*, by Richard Lourie, which combines an equally clear-eyed view of the ways of the Soviet Union and some high-thriller elements. Like Hyde, Lourie, a Fellow at the Russian Research Center at Harvard, has an intimate knowledge of the world's principal totalitarian power. For the needs of his plot, he takes a Soviet poet modeled rather wickedly on Yevgeny Yevtushenko (even giving him the same first name), and turns him into a young lieutenant of the KGB manipulated by Vaska, head of a branch of the KGB's department of disinformation, who contrives to "expel" the poet. As a dissident writer in the West, Vaska hopes, the poet will become a media star, then request repatriation and eventually write a book denouncing the West. Fair enough as plot devices go, and Vaska as the modern Soviet bureaucrat—not stupid but trapped within the system—is nicely conceived. Unfortunately, Lourie decides to enrich his tale by introducing a formula for longevity developed by a Soviet scientist who wants to smuggle it out to the West, which provokes rather more convolutions of the plot than the characters are ready to bear. At the end of the adventure, the embittered disinformation officer, Vaska, thinks over his elaborate scheme, which has failed: Shar had told Vaska that Aronow was one of those Western intellectuals who were too smart for their own good, and had ended up needing a reason to live.

American civilization failed to supply its citizens with anything more than an astonishing flow of goods and services, thereby alienating its intellectuals, one of whom happens on a lucky find that promises to put excitement and meaning in his life.

The final line of the book belongs to Vaska meditating on his disgrace: "He had seen the truth and it would kill him."

Knopf is giving a major push to *The Red Fox* and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich is taking out full page ads in the Sunday *New York Times Book Review* for *First Loyalty*—two genuine if somewhat flawed novels which examine the true nature of the totalitarian state. These certainly constitute a promising couple of straws in the wind. Can a new trend be aborning? □

Cynthia Grenier, formerly of the New York Times, *is a movie producer.*

Three Outstanding New Books

THE RATZINGER REPORT
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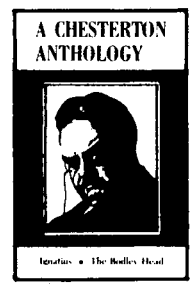

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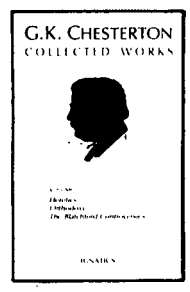

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AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

THE WRITER'S ART

by Bruce Bawer

Every writer gets stuck once in a while. Some fill the time by sharpening pencils, alphabetizing antidepressants in the medicine cabinet, memorizing the cracks in the ceiling. Me, I thumb through my *WM*.

Every writer has a *Writer's Market*. It's published by Writer's Digest Books, and it's absolutely indispensable. There's a new edition every year, but I still use my dog-eared 1983 copy, which (according to the boast on its glossy cover) contains the names and addresses of "4,000 places to sell your short stories, articles, books, poetry, novels, plays, fiction, scripts, fillers, gags, and photos." Who could do without such a marvel?

Actually, I don't use my *WM* to look up markets, and I don't think many professional writers would. No, I keep the thing around for browsing. My favorite section for this purpose is the poetry magazine section. It's fun just to read through the titles. Poetry magazine titles come in two types. First there is the "cute" type: *Happiness Holding Tank*, *Beatniks from Outer Space*, *Brussels Sprouts*, *Sparrow Poverty Pamphlets*, and *Up Against the Wall, Mother*. Somehow you get the feeling that the staffers at these publications don't go to the office in three-piece suits.

Then there is the "ambiguously portentous" magazine type: *Orphic Lute*, *Pteranodon*, *Alura*, *Runestone*, *Tendril*, *Xanadu*. The best way to make up this sort of title, I imagine, is to look through Webster's till you find a word you never heard of. Just in case there's anybody out there who's got a poetry mag in the works here are some good ones which, so far as I know, are not yet taken: *Podesta, Mitrailleuse, Ilex, Hyrax, Giaour*. They mean, respectively, a medieval Italian magistrate; a type of machine gun; a kind of oak; a species of ungulate mammal; and a non-Muslim. (See, you are probably a giaour yourself and didn't even know it!)

But *WM* doesn't just have market listings. My old 1983 volume is crammed with all sorts of other stuff. There's a subscription blank for *Writer's Digest* magazine, and a short article describing the other books published by Writer's Digest Books (e.g., *How to Be a Successful Housewife/Writer* by Elaine Fantle Shimberg). There's also a couple of pages about the Writer's Digest School, which offers correspondence courses in Short Story Writing and Article Writing. You just pay $355 and a professional writer will "critique" two samples of your work. This is not to be confused with the Writer's Digest Criticism Service, which also has a page or two in *WM* '83. Send them a poem and they'll give you their opinion for $20; a book, $125 and up; a song, $30. (Of course, nowadays the problem with most song lyrics is that they aren't *bad* enough.)

Naturally, with all this information packed into the '83 volume, something had to be dropped from the *WM*. So the editors tossed out most of the fiction market listings. They did not forget the fictioneer, however. At the beginning of the short section devoted to fiction markets, the editors tell us that additional markets for stories may be found . . . in another book, called *Fiction Writer's Market*, which happens to be published by Writer's Digest Books.

I haven't taken advantage of any of *WM*'s fine offers, but I'm sure they're very worthwhile, particularly the manuscript criticism. No doubt any writer could pick up a few tips from *WM*'s writers-in-residence. From P.K. Schemenaur, for one, who tells us in his introduction (he's the editor) that *WM* is aimed at the writer who is "ready to spring his word-ly talents on the media." Or from Connie Emerson, who in *WM*'s keynote piece explains how "to get maximum mileage from your campaign to get published."

Schemenaur, Emerson, and company are to be admired not only for their artistry but for their open-mindedness. *WM*, you see, is completely free of prejudice; any market that offers a buck is welcomed in. *Drug Survival News* is a magazine "for everyone interested in recreational drug use and abuse." *Soldier of Fortune* is for "professional adventurers" whose adventures involve the use of firearms. *Undinal Songs* wants articles detailing "a necrophiliac experience that you would care to share with readers." *Gent* wants short stories which "contain a huge-breasted female character."

Sometimes the most interesting thing is not what a magazine wants but what it doesn't want. *Image Magazine* has a ban on Elvis poetry. *Quarry Magazine* says "No non-literary fiction" (the type with huge-breasted female characters). *Adventures in Poetry* wants "Only poems that help people live better and happier lives." Isn't that nice? And *Ark River Review* doesn't want anything derivative: "Your work should demonstrate to us that you know what has gone on in literature in the last fifty years, and that you're working toward something better," which isn't too much to ask.

But, as Connie Emerson might say, these gems are only the tip of the iceberg. *WM* also lists syndicates, agents, contests, greeting card publishers, advertising outfits interested in freelance copywriters, and cartoonists who are in the market for "top-quality gags." There is also a list of standard prices for arcane writing services—this is where you turn to find out how much to charge for an audio cassette script, a direct-mail catalogue, a comedy routine, or a political speech. (Comedy routines, by the way, net a lot more on average than political speeches, so if you've got any political speeches in your files, you might want to think about turning them into comedy routines.)

"Publication," wrote Emily Dickinson, "is the auction of the Mind of Man." If I didn't know any better, I'd say Emily wrote this line after a long afternoon of thumbing through her *WM*. □

Bruce Bawer writes on writers and fiction for the New Criterion.

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CURRENT WISDOM

Mainichi Daily News (Tokyo)

The little Deckert girl comes of age in the correspondence column of a distinguished Tokyo daily as glycosuria takes hold:

I'm scared!

Being 16 and living in a foreign country, has given me a perspective on life. And what I see frightens me.

Power is a game world leaders are playing with human lives.

We're not statistics! We're real, live humans.

Blood pulses through our veins, we have minds, we can think, we can feel. They consider us as something to be thrown into the fiery hell they're planning?

When Mr. Gorbachev and Mr. Reagan accuse and threaten each other, they're threatening to shatter our right to live. Do they really know what they are doing?

There may be millions of us, but we each have lives—golden lives stretched out before us. Not a man on earth has the right to darken our future with the cloud of uncertainty.

With childlike innocence I trusted adults, now some are the very people I fear. Some would say that at 16 I'm too young to understand . . . maybe I understand too well.

—Sallianne Deckert
[August 26, 1985]

The Patent Trader

Some common sense axiological observations from the celebrated Virginia Franklin:

Pope John Paul II is accounted, by general acclamation and almost by definition, a very good man. U.S. Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina is considered by many to be one of the truly evil men of our century.

[August 16, 1985]

The Times (Shreveport, Louisiana)

Mr. Gabe Sims of progressive Shreveport demonstrates that Afro-American Studies programs are finally spreading Truth and Enlightenment throughout benighted Christendom:

I read with interest the letters appearing in your editorial page, Aug. 7, 1985. In all of the letters, the writers stated that the United States should support South Africa and that South Africa is anti-communistic.

I think the writers got their history backward. Africa was long populated by blacks going back billions of years. They developed into nations and founded empires named Songhay, Egypt, Ethiopia, Kush, Ghinea, Mali, Ghana and many other nations too numerous to name. These Africans developed culture, universities, art, science and religion long before it was developed in Europe. If anything, these Africans, through trade, exported their civilization and culture to other nations through contact with Europe. Anyone who thinks otherwise (The "Dark Continent" myth) has been watching too many Tarzan movies. . . .

—Gabe Sims
Shreveport
[August 14, 1985]

New Republic

Miss Barbara Ehrenreich reveals the kind of profound relief that can only be experienced by a New Age termagant, with a dab of "Hegelian" thrown in to give it that special scholarly sheen:

All of us like to talk about what we were doing and how we reacted at the time of a presidential assassination. Maybe we like to feel implicated in the great dramas of public life; or maybe we sense, unconsciously, that it's a good idea to have an alibi for the most Oedipal of public crimes. I was at home with a sick child when Reagan was shot in March 1981, and my first, or second, reaction was to worry that his assailant might be black or a member of some other unpopular and easily targeted subgroup—a homosexual, a Rastafarian, a Hasidic Jew, or a freelance revolutionary of the left. So I was profoundly relieved when it turned out that the would-be assassin was a blond young man with wealthy Republican antecedents and white-supremacist leanings. The same culture that had given us President Reagan had, with Hegelian wit, produced his would-be killer.

[August 5, 1985]

Ann Arbor News

The distinguished *News* of greater Ann Arbor marks the felicitous visit of one of the Republic's foremost chauffeurs of left-wing bugaboos:

Television actor Ed Asner came to town Saturday, taking on the right wing as bluntly as he once handled reporters for the mythical Los Angeles Tribune when he played editor "Lou Grant."

"I fear this administration," said Asner, ripping into Reagan's policy of seeking the overthrow of the Nicaraguan government.

Speaking to reporters before addressing the New Jewish Agenda convention here, Asner charged that the Reagan administration manipulated recent reports of U.S. domestic spy rings to build justification for repressive, police-state measures later.

"They are trying to create the impression that we are besieged with spies," said Asner. "I have the feeling that we knew all along about some of the spies. We waited for years, but they were not regarded as a danger until it came time to use them."

[July 21, 1985]

Washington Post

Washingtonians give their pandas the celebrity treatment, and still Poolesville's disgruntled Carolyn Wilson is unappeased:

Here we go again with another blow-by-blow account of the mating of the pandas ["F'Lings Make Cub Fans Hsing," Metro, July 2]. Haven't we, and they, had enough?

We've deprived them of their freedom and their natural home for our own perverse entertainment. Since being imprisoned, the male has beaten the female once or twice. She has been subjected to multiple surgery and probings, given birth to a stillborn cub and to another cub that died shortly after birth, been subjected to hormone injections to force ovulation.

The two pandas have been the subject of detailed accounts of their mating, right down to the exact hour and minute of the day, complete with photographs of the act. Can't their tormentors let these poor, unfortunate creatures live out the remainder of their miserable, unnatural lives with some measures of peace and dignity?

—Carolyn Wilson
Poolesville
[July 15, 1985]

San Francisco Chronicle

Crack columnist and sage Mr. Jon Carroll, enflamed and philosophical on the subject of comparative *diablerie*:

A lot of media fun has been had lately at the expense of those who demonstrate against South Africa, get arrested and are still home in time for supper.

It may be a safe and sterile form of political activism. But I infinitely prefer it to a self-deluding chief executive who seems bent on pretending that the only Evil Empire on the globe is headquartered in Moscow.

There's another one; we all share the shame in being its citizens.

[August 9, 1985]

New Republic

Acceptable patriotism solemnly noted by the Rev. Leon Wieseltier, New Age aesthete:

. . . thus my heart sank at the sight of the stage at RFK Stadium last week, which was set for Bruce Springsteen. There, as the backdrop, was the largest American flag I have ever seen. Now, I too love my country, as I love my family; but I don't take my family everywhere. Springsteen appeared and sang "Born in the USA," or rather, 55,000 people sang it to the accompaniment of his band. And then, in the most mature expression of American patriotism that Washingtonians have witnessed in a long time, the flag was dropped. Good for Bruce. Tribute had been properly paid; it was time for a wholly other happiness.

[September 2, 1985]

New Statesman

Another sex-starved English gal travels to fabulous America and applies herself to political commentary for the venerable *New Statesman*, voice of the United Kingdom's shanty intelligentsia:

One of the characteristics of the macho style in American politics has always been a paranoid fear of being penetrated in the rear. This usually surfaces during the nuttier episodes of right-wing government. . . .

[August 23, 1985]

San Francisco Progress

The spirit of the late Senator Robert M. LaFollette and so many other progressive reformers lives on in the venerable *S.F. Progress*'s review of Arthur Bressan, Jr.'s homosexual movie, *Buddies*:

Bressan has also given us one of the great film moments of human passion, and compassion, when David gently rubs Robert's shoulders as he masturbates while watching a gay porno movie in his hospital room.

[September 11, 1985]

New York Times

CBS is on the receiving end of another cheap shot, this time from an astounding source:

Jonathan Sanders, head of the working group on Soviet television at Columbia University's W. Averell Harriman Institute for Advanced Study of the Soviet Union, said that Soviet television commentary was often marked by "negative or pejorative adjectives."

He said the translation of actual news clips of American officials were generally accurate, and that last year, during the debates between Mr. Reagan and his Democratic opponent, Walter F. Mondale, "the reports were as straightforward and factual as would have been carried by CBS."

[September 4, 1985]

National Public Radio

Rapture once again seizes the Grand Kleagle of the National Organization of Wimmin, this time during a National Press Club luncheon:

Yesterday in Washington Eleanor Smeal had another answer for her more conservative critics:

"It is time that we stop thinking about what is fashionable and what is not fashionable in this city—what's in and what is not in. We *want* to use terms like Equal Opportunity Employer, but we don't want them to mean anything. . . .

We won't step back from any issue and we recognize bigotry for what it is wherever it's raising its ugly head. And we intend to wrap it around the neck of the right wing as we fight for liberty and justice for all. So we're going to be in there in Vermont, dealing with every issue of our day, and dealing with it straight-on, hard-on, square-on. I feel that one of the biggest problems we have is we don't take the right-wing fascist opposition seriously enough."

[September 6, 1985]

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tion of others, those others must be armed for war."

Beyond Afghanistan

In his otherwise exemplary article, "Afghanistan Goes Mongolian" (*TAS*, September 1985), Arch Puddington states the reasons for the Russian invasion of that sorry nation as a desire to append it to the USSR, as a field for trying out new weaponry and tactics, and to confirm the Brezhnev Doctrine. These reasons are doubtless true; but they are, I believe, subsidiary.

The overriding reason for the initial subversion of Afghanistan some thirty years ago was to establish it as a stepping stone to a warm water port on the South Asian littoral and for the Russians to establish themselves as a primary and even controlling force in the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. (The adverse consequences of this for our European, Southeast Asian, and Western Pacific allies, and subsequently for ourselves, does not take much imagination to realize.)

While the eyes of the West are riveted on the courageous resistance of the *Mujahedeen* in the northeastern part of the country bordering Pakistan, it is in western Afghanistan that the real action, as far as Moscow is concerned, is taking place.

In western Afghanistan, bordering Iran, the Soviets have built three highly sophisticated air bases and have stocked them with their most advanced fighter bombers, transport and logistical equipment. They are training, in the Soviet Union, young Baluchi radicals to return to Baluchistan, which sits on the north side of the Straits of Hormuz and runs in a north/northeasterly direction up through southeastern Iran and southwestern Pakistan into Afghanistan, to prepare and light the tinder box at the appropriate time.

Meanwhile, the Soviets patiently await the chaos certain to erupt in Iran upon Khomeini's death, and the undermining of Pakistan has already begun with threats and intrusions into the country's air space. Their "troubles" in northeastern Afghanistan are certainly costly and embarrassing, but not as much as Westerners, who value human life and who are used to holding their governments accountable, might think. On the other hand, the attention of the Western media, and thereby the peoples' and their governments', has been diverted from the main and profoundly important arena, western Afghanistan and Baluchistan.

—Frederic Wile
New York, New York

Unbelievable

There is much to admire in Fred Barnes's review of A.N. Wilson's *How Can We Know?* in the September issue of *The American Spectator*, but one point requires either query or correction, or both. Where and when did Christopher Marlowe call himself a "high church unbeliever"? I can recall no such comment by Marlowe, and it seems inherently unlikely. The *Oxford English Dictionary* records no use of "high church" before 1704, or of "high churchman" before 1687. Marlowe was stabbed to death in a tavern brawl at Deptford on May 30, 1593.

—Roland Mushat Frye
Schelling Professor of
English Emeritus
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

O! Canada!

"Brian's Song" (by Malcolm Gladwell, *TAS*, July 1985) seems to me to be very perceptive about Brian Mulroney, but I am afraid that the smug officials in Ottawa are not a reliable source of information on the "efficiency, practicality, and cost-effectiveness of Canada's social programs." These programs have made *not* working a more attractive option than working, and go far to explain the "economic underperformance" mentioned by Mr. Gladwell.

For example, it is possible to "work" for ten weeks on a make-work job paid for by a government grant and then go on unemployment insurance for the rest of the year, something thousands of Nova Scotians do as a matter of course. As a consequence, it is very difficult to get people to take ordinary jobs, or to work well at anything.

Furthermore, although the Tories have cut some of the most notorious handouts, there are still plenty to enrich the middle-class sixties people, practiced parasites, who have moved to the countryside.

The Mulroney government cannot withstand leftist criticism and demagoguery (which is all one hears in Canada) because the Tories utterly lack a political vision. Mr. Gladwell evidently thinks this is fine, but I fear that he has been misled. Of course, political ideas are not so important to Canadians as they are to Americans; nevertheless, Canada *is* guided by ideas, and unfortunately, they are leftist, Welfare State shibboleths.

—Jigs Gardner
Orangedale, Nova Scotia

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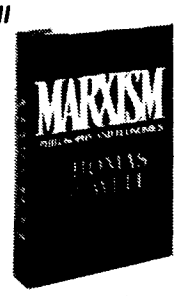

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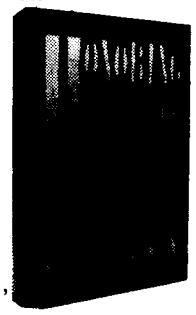

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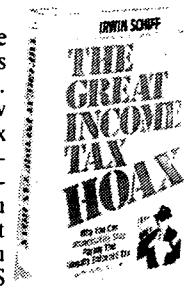

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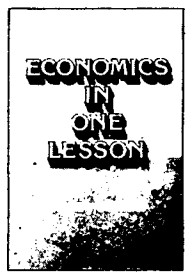

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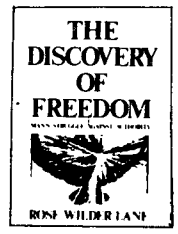

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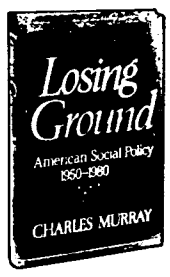

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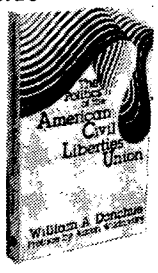

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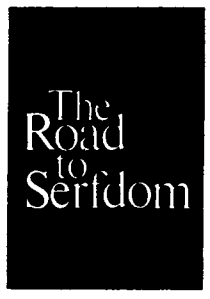

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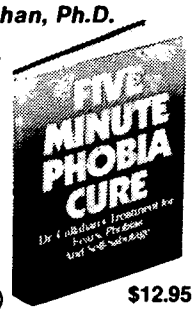

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